

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,  
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

### ONE AWAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The wild winds whistle down the hills' dark  
gorges,  
The laden air is full of hail and snow—  
And tossed and harassed by the reckless wind,  
The drifts to frigid, white-capped mountains  
grow.

The cold is brutal—ice reigns everywhere—  
The lowland streamlet groans in sullen pain—  
The mighty river flowing to the sea,  
Struggles in impotence to break its chain.

It is a night when thankful unto God  
For home and love, we gather round the  
hearth,

When we would draw in those we care for most  
To our embrace, from all the wide, cold earth.

I shudder, though the grate is crimson red,  
And all around me is the ruddy light;  
My thoughts go out to wander after one—  
To wonder where he is this boisterous night!

Sleeps he beside the camp fire's dying glare,  
Dreaming of home and friends so far away?  
Or pacing on the lonesome picket guard,  
With weary waiting for the break of day?

The tents gleam whitely through the torpid  
night,  
The earthworks sharp defined rise up below—  
And through the murky gloom that lies be-  
tween,

He sees the distant watch fires of the foe.

The dark eye kindles—flushes hot his cheek—  
May be the morrow's sun will shine on strife!  
The smoky sky hang over men who meet  
To yield up blood for blood, and life for life!

Oh, heaven! the winds shriek on like fiends at  
war!  
My heart shrinks cold and shudd'ring in my  
breast;

The thought of him upon that deadly field,  
Breaks ruthlessly through all my hours of rest!

I find no peace, or comfort!—Heaven be kind!  
This mortal dread of Fate, so stern and grim,  
Is terrible! my dreams are full of it!  
My life is one long prayer to God for him!

Farmington, N. H.

## THE CHEAP CASTLE.

### CHAPTER I.

TO BE SOLD, WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, A  
CASTLE, ON THE SEA-COAST OF BLANK-  
SHIRE, WITH AMPLE ACCOMMODATION FOR  
A FAMILY OF DISTINCTION. NOBLEMEN OR  
GENTLEMEN TREATING FOR THE SAME  
WITHOUT THE INTERVENTION OF AN  
AGENT, WILL MEET WITH LIBERAL TERMS.  
FOR PARTICULARS AND CARDS TO VIEW,  
APPLY TO MESSRS. NOCKEMDON, AUCTIONEERS  
AND ESTATE AGENTS, LONDON; OR TO MR. NATHANIEL GRAVES, CINQUE-  
PORT, BLANKSHIRE.

The above is an advertisement which oc-  
cupied a place in the *Mansion* columns of the  
*London Times*, last March, and had done so  
pretty often before, I have no doubt. You re-  
member it, reader, I dare say, who have  
passed more than one autumn yachting off  
that coast, and as you read it, have won-  
dered whether it referred to Eyrie Towers,  
that stands so majestically to the east of Cin-  
queport, above the foam and roar of the At-  
lantic. And you, reader, who peruse the  
*Times* (for cheapness' sake) in your Institute,  
you have read it too, and remembering that  
steam-boat excursion of which you formed a  
part, in August last, and which was erro-  
neously termed a pleasure-trip, you also call  
to mind Eyrie Towers, for the good-natured  
tipper touched you on the back—you were  
walking over the side—as the vessel passed it,  
it exclaimed: "There, mate, would you  
like to live in a house like that?" To  
which you replied, faintly: "I don't care  
if it is, captain, so long as it's on the  
dry land."



CHRISTMAS.

Perhaps, of all pleasant parties at Christmas  
time, the children's party is the most agree-  
able. The young enter with so hearty a

relish into the holiday sports, their cheerful  
laughter rings out merrily as they gather  
round the table, or join in innocent Christ-

mas games, or stand full of admiration be-  
fore the wondrous tree blossoming with  
Christmas gifts. Well, without being child-  
ish,

we may all endeavor to have the joyous, in-  
nocent, trustful, hopeful feelings of childhood  
at this Christmas time.

You are both right my friends; Eyrie  
Towers is the very place alluded to by that  
advertisement, albeit when I had learned as  
much from Messrs. Nockemdon it afforded  
no information to me. I am not a sea-going  
man myself, never having personally ex-  
plored what is very properly termed "the  
waste of waters"—for why should there be so  
much of it?—further than Herne Bay; nor  
have I, until quite lately, ever seen Eyrie  
Towers from seaward, although I have been  
its proprietor these six months. However, I  
am anticipating. When I first caught sight  
of this advertisement, I was sitting in the  
breakfast-room in my villa on Wimbledon  
Common; my eyes wandered from the news-  
paper to the plate glass window, through  
which was to be seen the well-ordered gar-  
den, with its trim borders, and painfully dis-  
tinct paths, and the white gate, and that  
dusty high-road on the other side of it, along  
which I should presently be carried away  
into the toiling city. Then these things  
faded away from my retina, and in place of  
them arose a castle in the air, yet by the sea,  
surrounded with spacious but artificial  
pleasure-grounds; a place far removed from  
the pursuit which had made a prisoner of me  
for two score of years, and whither the voice  
of the "bus cad," with his "Bank, Bank, City  
Bank," had never penetrated, nor even the  
shrill whistle of the locomotive. Only the  
mighty roar of ocean should break in upon me,  
instead of the incessant hurdy-gurdy, and  
the snowy foam of the storm stirred deep,  
instead of "blacks." As for air, I daresay that  
it is fresh enough at Wimbledon—when the  
Volunteers don't make it half gunpowder—  
but fresh air, different from beef in this re-  
spect, is nothing when one compares it with  
salt. The smell of the sea, that mysterious  
unparalleled odor, without which a sea-side  
place is as disappointing to me as that bar-  
ren scentless flower, the dog-violet, was what  
I pined for. Instead of going to Margate or  
Ramsgate, as was my usual custom for many  
months in the year, I had come to Wimble-  
don; and for all the good that the change  
had at present effected, I might just as well  
have remained in Baker Street. Our butler,  
Muggles—who never forgot that his late  
master was a baronet—had declined to put  
up with Margate accommodation any more;  
we had come to our present house for the  
spring months on trial, and it was understood  
that the residence was giving him satisfac-  
tion; but still I made no doubt that a castle  
would meet with Muggles' more entire ap-  
probation, having been always accustomed,  
as he was wont to observe, to "high-life and  
its environs"—by which I believe he meant  
to signify its accessories.

We ourselves were not, strictly speaking,  
aristocrats (although, let me tell you, Stock-  
broking is far from a vulgar trade), but we  
were visited by those who were. Though we  
did have a house in Baker Street, we were  
not merely "genteel" people; and besides, as  
I have already said, we only lived there half  
the year. There was no absolute incongruity  
in our residing in a castle—writing one's let-

ters on note-paper with engravings of the  
stately pile in its N., S., E., and W. aspects,  
and having its title printed with elaborate  
diminutiveness on one's card—but it was un-  
questionably a great step (in the right direc-  
tion), and the contemplation of it caused a  
certain flutter of the spirits. If I had con-  
fided the idea to my wife, it would certainly  
have astonished her; and retrogression would  
have become exceedingly difficult, if not im-  
possible, should Louisa Adelaide, our daugh-  
ter, once recognize the practicality of such a  
design. "Yes," thought I, as I let the  
newspaper repose upon my knee, and gazed  
upon that unconscious young lady as she  
helped herself for the third time to apricot  
jam, "that girl would adorn any sphere. It  
is positively a waste of power to keep her in  
a villa. It is the duty of a father to provide  
what is most appropriate for his offspring—  
the very birds of the air perform what is  
right in that respect; her appetite, too, is fail-  
ing; she wants sea-air; to reside in some ele-  
vated spot—say the tower in the east wing.  
Louisa Adelaide shall have her castle."

There was another reason, too, (which  
there is now no necessity for concealing,) con-  
nected with my daughter, which urged me  
to this step. It would place us at once  
at a social elevation to which young Theo-  
dorus Chane, the civil engineer, (whom I  
used to call Theodolite before I found myself  
obliged to keep him at a distance,) would  
scarcely venture to aspire. It was imper-  
tinent enough of him to emerge from lodgings  
in Camden Town to hang about Louisa Ade-  
laide at a villa with a double coach-house;  
but to pay his addresses to her at a Castle,  
would, I thought, be a little too presump-  
tuous even for him.

So, when I went into town, instead of  
driving straight to the city, I called at Messrs.  
Nockemdon to make inquiries. The clerk in  
the glass case, who had doubtless remarked  
the high stepping bays that brought me, was  
not in the least astonished at my coming  
after the Castle, and he introduced me at  
once to his principal, who was not astonished  
either. If I only liked the place half as well  
as Sir Ranagan Flanagan and family, to  
whom he had last let it, I should never re-  
pent the purchase.

"Then it can be rented, can it," said I,  
"instead of bought?" Well—no—it could  
not be rented. He did not quite understand  
the circumstances of the case, but he sup-  
posed that the proprietor was now anxious  
to realize. Mr. Graves of Cinqueport, through  
which town I must needs pass to get to Eyrie  
Towers, was in possession of all the requisite  
information; but the Messrs. Nockemdon  
had merely instructions as to price. From  
the photograph just taken of the mansion in  
question, he might say with respect to this  
matter, that the place was dirt cheap. "Quite  
a show-place sir, I give you my honor."

Here the photographs were exhibited.  
Eyrie Towers, from every point of view,  
might have been the hereditary habitation of  
a line of Irish peers at the very least. There  
was not, however, the least tinge of decay or

neglect about it, to remind one of Ireland.  
The garden, although not extensive, was well  
kept; and the shrubberies upon the land-side  
trimmed with tasteful care. Towards the  
sea, the castle was unprotected; a stone ter-  
race, a little lawn, and a light iron fence alone  
intervened between it and the boundless  
ocean. Louisa Adelaide would certainly get  
air enough. There was not much ground  
about it anywhere; a field or two; an avenue;  
and what was locally termed "a bus-  
ney," a ravine or chine running down into  
the sea, comprehended all the territory. Be-  
side the bunney (but having no connection  
with it) there was a "right of free warren"  
over a certain sandy tract, and upon this  
Mr. Nockemdon was vaguely eulogistic, al-  
though I don't believe he knew what it meant  
any more than I did. The external advan-  
tages of the property also included a sort of  
marine lordship; a third of all that came on  
shore in the way of wreck, between two  
headlands lying east and west of the Castle,  
was the property of its lord. This valuable  
privilege had been conceded to the founder  
of the ancient race, who had once inhabited  
Eyrie Towers, by King Stephen, on account  
of his having burned a village in the vicinity,  
inhabited and all, because, upon being  
pricked with lance-heads, they had given  
provisions to some troops of the opposite  
faction. Only the queen, and one or two  
nobles in the United Kingdom, I was in-  
formed, had preserved this feudal right; and  
the possession of it, in point of social posi-  
tion, was incredibly valuable. Mr. Nockemdon  
only regretted to add, that, in consequence of  
the mistaken benevolence of the time, the  
power of life and death formerly enjoyed by  
the lord of Eyrie Towers over the people of  
Cinqueport was abrogated. Still, I should  
doubtless find the trades-people devoted to me.

But after all, the gem of the property was  
the Castle itself. This was none of your  
modern castellated erections, with pepper-box  
towers, and slits for loopholes, such as those,  
through which one drops half-crowns (or  
pennies, which sound as well into missionary  
boxes; but a two-winged mansion, with  
court-yard and clock tower (the latter pic-  
turesquely lived), a draw-bridge spanning  
what had formerly been a moat, but which  
was now a sunk garden, and even several  
bons-fide dungeons. The dining-room was  
adapted for the entertainment of thirty re-  
tainers (and some of them, if necessary, upon  
horseback), in addition to the family circle;  
while in the deep projecting oriel of the  
drawing-room, four or five flirtations might  
be carried on without any one happy pair in-  
terfering with the seclusion of another.

"I am afraid," said I sighing, "that this  
beautiful place is a little beyond my figure."  
"Oh dear, no, sir," smiled Mr. Nockemdon,  
as though my banker's book were lying be-  
fore him; "you will find the price the only  
insignificant thing about it. It is, indeed, in  
five figures, but they are five excessively  
small ones;" and he told me what they were.  
"And does that include the fixtures," in-

quired I, as calmly as I could, for I was really  
astounded at the lowness of the price.

"The whole of them," returned the agent;  
"and whatever furniture you wish to retain  
may be bought at a valuation. I may tell  
you, however, that the less you have to do  
with a professional broker the cheaper you  
are likely to get it. The proprietor, Mr.  
Graves informs me, has a great objection to  
business men of all kinds. I trust that you are  
not yourself a lawyer, sir—that is well—for  
I doubt whether the proprietor would ever  
part with Eyrie Towers to a person of that  
profession."

I turned a little pale at this, for I had set  
my heart on the Castle, and began to doubt  
whether the hereditary possessor would soil  
his fingers with the purchase money of one  
who had passed his life in Bulling or Bear-  
ing.

"I sympathize deeply," said I, "with the  
peculiar feelings of the nobleman or gentle-  
man in question—please let him know that—  
do, please. I shall be happy to run down to  
the Castle, and talk the matter over with him  
as man with man."  
"My dear sir," exclaimed the house-agent,  
smiling compassionately, "it is quite impos-  
sible that the proprietor of Eyrie Towers  
could entertain in person any pecuniary pro-  
position from a stranger, no matter how dis-  
tinguished his social position. It could not  
be done. Mr. Graves has the fullest authority  
to treat; he will show you over the property,  
and into every room of the mansion, which  
is at present tenanted, except for a domestic  
or two, who keep the place in order, and ex-  
hibit it to strangers upon presentation of  
their address cards. On Mondays and Fri-  
days, the apartments of the castle are at  
present shown to visitors; but of course it will  
lie in your power to take away that privilege,  
if you prefer seclusion."

This statement, carelessly uttered as it was,  
perhaps, was really a most seductive one. I  
am not an ostentatious person, but still—I  
put it to any gentleman of Throgmorton  
Street—was it not an elevating thought that  
people should come to look not only at one's  
drawbridge and ivied clock tower, but at  
one's sitting-rooms and sleeping apartments  
although, of course, in case of illness upon a  
Monday or Friday, this would be attended  
with some inconvenience. A request to take  
the photographs of Eyrie Towers home to  
my wife and family that day, was courteously  
accorded to, and I returned with a portfolio of  
them to Wimbledon, already in imagination  
a feudal chieftain.

One of the happiest evenings of my life  
was spent on that occasion. It was worth  
almost any money—even in five figures—to  
see the faces of my wife and daughter  
kindle with glad wonder, as I told them,  
after all their admiration of these pictures,  
that they represented a reality which might  
be their own. Even Muggles, who was some-  
how made a confidant of this coming grand-  
deur, condescended to express his opinion  
that Eyrie Towers would "do." It was just  
such an "environ" of high life as he had

been accustomed to from the first how he  
had drawn a cork. Wimbledon looked small,  
although doubtless excellently adapted for  
the wants of the middle class, as I started  
the next morning for Cinqueport.

### CHAPTER II.

The one thing which rather mitigated my  
high spirits, as I lay back in the railway car-  
riage with a "landed," though not, I trust,  
an overbearing air, was the suspicion sug-  
gested by Louisa Adelaide, that the photo-  
graphs of Eyrie Towers might have been  
taken from pictures (which are apt to flatter  
places as well as people), instead of from the  
noble pile itself. If so, it was not merely the  
device of the house agent to enhance the  
place, for all the stationers' shops in Cinque-  
port had specimens of the same views. An  
excursion to Eyrie Towers, "by kind per-  
mission of Nathaniel Graves, Esq.," was ad-  
vertised upon the walls to take place in the  
ensuing month. Tickets to admit parties of  
not less than nine to view the apartments of  
Eyrie Towers on the days it was not open to  
the public, were to be procured of Nathaniel  
Graves, Esq., for half a crown!

I wonder what the exclusive proprietor  
thought of a proceeding of that nature. Of  
course, it was no business of mine at present;  
but I confess that, even to me, there was a  
smack of something particularly inconsis-  
tent with the feudal system in that reduction  
on taking a quantity. However, upon the  
whole, I was gratified. Eyrie Towers was,  
as Mr. Nockemdon had averred, without  
doubt, "quite a show-place;" and if it had  
been about to be pulled down, and its his-  
torical fragments disposed of for building  
purposes, the arrangements for giving the  
public a last look at it could not have been  
more energetic and complete.

I observed something of this kind at a  
print-shop, where I inquired my way to Mr.  
Graves's, and the young lady behind the  
counter, whom I addressed, replied laugh-  
ingly, and with a shake of her curls: "Well,  
sir, we may not long—if all we hear be true—  
have the opportunity of visiting Eyrie Towers  
at all."

She looked at me so roughly, that I knew  
at once she suspected me of becoming its pur-  
chaser; and I set this down as being the re-  
sult of my landed air. "That young woman  
shall come whenever she likes," thought I,  
"whether it's Monday or Friday, or any other  
day. I daresay she takes me for one of those  
haughty aristocrats who would keep the peo-  
ple out of everything; but I shall let her  
know I am nothing of the kind." I made a  
mental resolution to send her a card, with  
"Admit the bearer" on it, signed Tompkins  
(without any Christian name, in the old feo-  
dal fashion); and I took down the address  
over the shop-door (H. Walker, Sharp Street)  
with that intention, and put it in my pocket-  
book.

Mr. Nathaniel Graves lived only a few  
doors off in the same street (No. 1), but his  
house lay back within a courtyard, and was  
evidently the habitation of a man of means.  
What calling he professed, I had not in-  
quired; but had I not been informed of the  
antipathy which the ancestral proprietor of  
Eyrie Towers entertained towards lawyers, I  
should have set down Mr. Nathaniel Graves  
for an attorney, pure and simple—if I may  
make use of so great a contradiction in terms.  
He was the nearest approach to a tierrier that  
the Human is permitted to arrive at under  
the present physical laws; he smiled upon me  
exactly as that animal grins at "varmint,"  
and his clothes were black and his complexion  
tan. His notion of conversation seemed to  
be a series of snaps, from which, however,  
I had no difficulty in gathering that I had  
come down to Cinqueport upon an almost  
hopeless errand. There was a gentleman al-  
ready in the market who had seen the place  
but yesterday, and whose final offer (which  
included all the furniture as it stood) he was  
expecting hourly. Still there might be some  
hitch; and at all events, he, Mr. Graves, was  
instructed to sell the demesne to the first  
bona-fide bidder. He was inundated by let-  
ters about it by every post, although the ad-  
vertisement was only just inserted, and should  
be heartily glad to get the matter off his  
hands. It was one that ought never to have  
been intrusted to him.

"Why so?" asked I.  
"Because the price which my employer has  
chosen to put upon the place is simply pre-  
posterous," jerked out the little man; "be-  
cause it is like setting one to sell so many  
sovereigns for pennies within a stipulated  
time for a stupid bet. 'Let me have done  
with it at once, and pocket the money, al-  
though it be not half price,' is what my em-  
ployer says. It is not business at all—he says  
he hates business—but sheer folly. Did you  
happen to hear from Messrs. Nockemdon  
what is the amount at which my employer  
fixes the purchase-money of Eyrie Towers,  
with its pleasure-gardens and pasture-lands,  
with its avenues of stately trees, with its  
right of free warren and valuable feudal pri-



in connection with John and the other.

"Yes," said I, "and if the place comes up to the photographs, I think the Castle is cheap."

"Cheap?" repeated Mr. Nathaniel Graves, as though he would have snatched my word off; "it's preposterous. Come and look at the place. If I had only the money to spare, myself, I would not have troubled you to come down here, you may be sure."

He lent me a saddle-horse, and accompanied me himself on a black pony to the spot in question. The air of sarcastic depreciation with which he treated the property which I had come down as a purchaser to view, was a thing quite unique in bargaining, and might, I should think, be advantageously adopted. As we rode across that desolate sandy tract over which the proprietor of Eyrre Towers had such mysterious rights, I observed that it did not look very valuable.

"No," snapped the agent viciously, "it's worth nothing, absolutely nothing. The rabbits are not insurmountable, and do not sell for fourpence apiece in Cinqueport without their skins. The sand is valueless in the extensive glass-manufactories yonder. These long grasses are not of incalculable use for basket weaving. It is not even a pleasant galloping-ground, with the finest air in England, whether from sea or land; and Eyrre Towers is not a picturesque object when beheld from this rising ground. Oh, no, not at all."

He drew rein as he finished the sentence, and pointed scornfully to seaward with a bitter laugh. A finer natural landscape never met my eye than was afforded by that long reach of undulating sand-hills, tufted with heather, and margined with those forests of pine, blown backward by the aggregate force of a thousand sea-winds. Nor had the hand of man been backward in completing the picture, for before us, half girdled by woods of Breiler green, stood up a stone-gate castle, tried yet not decrepit, but proudly braving defiance to the ocean that chafed and roared beneath its feet. Instead of swallows, the sea-gulls circled around its towers, and tossed and tumbled like the foam itself in the undulating blue. Immediately beneath us lay a smiling sea, but on the horizon, even while we looked, speck after speck arose and grew, as if by magic, until the sun shone on a glittering squadron.

"How glorious!—how magnificent!" cried I enthusiastically. "What can those ships be, Mr. Graves? They seem to be very large ones."

"It is only the Channel fleet," replied the agent carelessly. "A person who lives in a place like Eyrre Towers cannot expect to see such sights as a London gentleman. There is nothing to excite yourself about, sir. Take care, or your horse will be in the quarry."

"Oh, there's a quarry, too, is there?" said I, for I felt quite ashamed of not seeing every thing of course by this time. "You never mentioned that."

"Not I," returned the other with irritation, "it was not worth mentioning. If I was to tell you all that my employer is giving away for next to nothing, I should never have finished the catalogue. Yet some people consider a quarry of Portland stone to be rather valuable. The whole subject is painful to me. Come, let us see the castle, and have done with it."

With that, Mr. Nathaniel Graves set spurs to his black pony, and put it to a speed of which I should not have conceived it capable.

"You ride uncommonly fast, sir," expostulated I, "considering how excessively near this roadway is to the cliff."

"Way, yes," returned the agent, hastily, "it is rather near; the fact is, the soil grows more productive inland, and therefore, from motives of economy, I suppose, Sir Ranagan Flanagan has made the road, as it were, to skirt the Eyrre property. It certainly did not use to run so near the sea as it does now."

"Sir Ranagan Flanagan?" exclaimed I; "why, I understood he was only a tenant! Mr. Nockendon told me."

"Mr. Nockendon knows nothing about it," interrupted the agent. "Sir Ranagan is the proprietor, although he bought the domain—for a much larger sum than he now offers it for—only a few years back. He is an Irishman, or else I should say he was a madman, to wish to part with a place like this."

Certainly, with every stride of our horses the castle seemed to grow more imposing, as well as more habitable. It was evidently not only feudal, but convenient—which is quite another thing.

At this moment, a dreadful suspicion struck me, which set my heart beating, and sunk my spirits to zero.

"What is the matter?" inquired the agent, almost as agitated as myself, and unquestionably sharing a little pain.

"Nothing," said I—"nothing." Then, as carefully as I could: "Are there any old servants, retainers of the ancient family, still remaining at Eyrre Towers?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Graves; "there are both the housekeeper and the gardener. It is the latter who will open for us the lodge gates."

This was a venerable man with silver hair, and an expression in his countenance not only of sadness, but, as I imagined, of pity for myself, which corroborated my worst apprehensions.

"He can never get over the departure of his old masters," explained Mr. Graves in a low tone; "but he has a great sense of duty, and makes an excellent servant. Sir Ranagan gives him the highest character."

Mrs. Mortmain, the housekeeper, had a still more luxurious appearance, and she also cast upon me a glance, which, without being exactly one of love, was certainly akin to pity.

"Well, indeed, and how do you do?" observed the agent; "either you or Thomas must be high feather. I want you to show this gentleman the Castle to his best advantage, and if he takes it, I am sure that you need not fear losing your situation."

"Well, sir, you know we must all go in a very little time, for—" She blushed and stammered, but did not finish her sentence.

"Never you mind that, Mrs. Mortmain," replied the agent hastily; "let us enjoy ourselves while we can. She is a victim to religious depression," added he in a whisper.

But I was not to be hoodwinked so. As I walked through the sombre, oak-panelled corridors, and visited library and drawing-room, hall and bowser, there was one question always trembling on my lip, and only waiting the absence of Mr. Nathaniel Graves to be expressed in words. That astute gentleman, however, never left us alone for an instant, and I had to trust to the woman's evident natural honesty, at last, to answer me with the house-agent by her side.

"Now, look here," said I, as we stood in the ancient armory among the veritable garments of those who had perished in tourney and fight, and underneath the torn and blood-stained banners which had been borne before them perhaps to their last fields, "please to answer what I shall ask you, Mrs. Mortmain, with all truth. This Castle is cheap, and yet it seems very valuable; this Castle is comfortable, yet its last tenant tired of it in less than two years—Never you mind Mr. Graves, but look at me. Here, among these mouldering relics of the past, and within hearing, it may be, of the spirits of the bygone owners of this stately place, I charge you to answer this—Is Eyrre Towers haunted?"

"Lor' bless you, no, sir," ejaculated the housekeeper, with a simple heartiness of negation, about the genuineness of which there could be no doubt.

"Really, you do astonish me, Mr. Tompkins," observed the agent; "I should have taken you for a person wholly beyond the reach of any such ridiculous superstition."

There was an air of relief about him when I had once given utterance to this apprehension, which I still thought a little suspicious, but beyond that I saw nothing—and I saw everything with the exception of the beach, to which Mr. Graves humorously observed it was unnecessary to descend, unless after a storm, to secure my flotsam and jetsam—

to make me pause in the resolution I had formed to anticipate the offer of the gentleman who was already in the market, and to give Sir Ranagan Flanagan his price.

In twenty-four hours, the land about the place had been surveyed and valued by a person in whom I could trust; and within a week, the title-deeds of Eyrre Towers were lodged at my banker's, and I found myself the proprietor of the Cheap Castle.

Why it was cheap, remains to be told.

### CHAPTER III.

Among the minor domestic joys, there are few more pleasant than that of introducing those we love to scenes which have already afforded delight to our own eyes. How much more gratifying is this if we can add: "And all of this is mine and thine!" If ever territorial pride was excusable in a dabbler in scrip and share, it was when my wife and Louisa Adelaide, having exchanged their railway carriage at Cinqueport for a barouche, stood up on the seats thereof and clapped their hands as they first caught sight of the flag that floated over Eyrre Towers. There was no peculiar appropriateness in the dagger itself, which was once discovered in the muniment-room, and may have been the Ordinance of France, for all I know; but it certainly set off my marine residence to great advantage.

"May it fly above your heads, my dears, for many, many years," cried I, with enthusiasm.

"Lor, sir," observed the driver, who was sitting by me on the box seat, "you can scarcely expect that, surely."

I thought his remark, at the time, to be one of the most insolent and unfeeling interruptions I had ever heard in my life, but I took no notice of it, for fear of calling my wife's attention to the man's impertinence; he was evidently referring to her period of life, as not affording much probability of her residing "many, many years" anywhere; but still I felt a little discomfort, when I coupled his rudeness with the housekeeper's remark upon my previous visit: "We must all go in a very little time." Was it possible that there was any legend or weird prophecy extant concerning the duration of existence of the proprietors of Eyrre Towers? If so, we must bear it, as one of the "environs," as Muggles termed it, of our ancestral position; and as for its fulfillment, I was prepared rather to put my trust in averages and the ordinary calculations of the insurance offices. By-the-by, thought I, wonder whether Sir Ranagan Flanagan insured the place. This driver, who seems so disagreeably communicative, may be able to tell me.

"Do you happen to know whether Eyrre Towers is insured?" asked I.

"Insured? Why, what agent, sir?"

"Why, against fire, for instance?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it's insured against fire. I remember seeing a little tin-plate with a Sun upon it stuck upon the side of the entrance tower, and they told me as how that was a sign it couldn't be burned. It's insured safe enough against fire."

Why did he lay such an unnecessary emphasis upon the word fire? What other risk could there possibly be except that? Were the halibutones particularly large in this part of the country? If so, that danger could be easily guarded against at a very small rate per cent. Why, also, did I catch this man suspiciously gazing at me, with that unmistakable look of pity I had already observed upon the faces of the two retainers? And why at other times did he snigger to himself, like a driver laughing in his sleeve?

Was he in possession of the secret of why the castle was so uncommonly cheap? I protest I was glad to see the fellow's back, as he drove under the Portcullis, and over the drawbridge, and along the avenue, and left us in our Barouche House.

This knowledge was not, however, destined to be hid from me long.

Louisa Adelaide was half wild with delight at all she saw, and explored every corner of the mansion like a sunbeam. She chose for her boudoir a chamber in the most seaward tower, and filled it with her knick-knacks, so as to make it bristle-looking and cozy at once, after a manner quite peculiar to herself. Only over the mantle-piece she hung a portrait, which I would rather not have seen there, of a young man with a pair of compasses in one hand, and the map of the Universe (judging by its size) in the other, which, it is needless to say, represented Theophilus Chane employed in the practice of his profession.

"I do hope, my love," said I, "that that person will not intrude upon us at Eyrre Towers."

"Intrude upon us? No, dear papa, certainly not; but mamma has given him leave to come down on any Saturday to stay till Monday, which is all the holiday he can get, poor fellow, for he is getting so much to do."

"I am glad of it," said I, sardonically; "I wish he'd got a little more"—meaning too much to admit of any holiday. "But remember, Louisa Adelaide, as sure as the earth beneath our feet, when that Theophilus Chane puts his foot within this castle, I'll—"

At this moment, a noise as of thunder reverberated within the room, and finished my sentence for me with a vengeance.

Louisa Adelaide, terrified as she was, seized the opportunity to observe, in appalling tones, that it was evident that what I was about to say was displeasing, and contrary to Nature herself.

Without believing that anything supernatural had declared itself in favor of Mr. Chane, C.E., I was really a good deal staggered, for the shock was almost that of an earthquake. I mechanically looked out of the window, but all was placid as usual; the sea—which would have been affected, as at Lisbon, in case of an earthquake—was as smooth as a duck-pond; the terrace and little strip of lawn-garden that lay between us and the cliff-top evinced no sign of fracture.

I did not conclude my remarks concerning Theophilus, however, but left the room, murmuring something about the moving of heavy luggage over our heads, in order to account for the noise, whereas it had really come from beneath us, where, so far as I knew, there were no apartments whatever. My wife, who was busy in the housekeeper's room, asked me whether I had heard that clap of distant thunder, and I said I had. Whereupon Mrs. Mortmain, whom I was watching narrowly, stole a look at me, which convinced me she knew more than she chose to tell. It was just possible that she and the gardener might have a plan together to get us out of Eyrre Towers, in order that they might inhabit it themselves, and exact their perquisites from sight-seers and picnic parties without a resident master; but if so, they little knew Thomas Tompkins. I was not the man to be frightened out of a Cheap Castle by stage-thunder.

Days and weeks went on, and nothing further took place to disturb us. I had explored every part of my property again and again, except the sea-beach, over which extended my rights to Flotsam and Jetsam—but the approach to which was by some very steep stone steps not attractive to a person of my physical formation—and whatever I had seen had satisfied me. The place was as cheap as Mr. Nathaniel Graves had asserted it to be, and I was sorry not to see him that I might tell him as much and apologize for the incredulity I had previously shown upon that subject. But I could never find Mr. Graves at home, though I drove over more than once to Cinqueport, mainly for the purpose of calling upon him. I was glad of an object, however insignificant, for a drive or a walk. Eyrre Towers was a charming residence, but it was certainly a little dull. The country families did not call upon us. This rather distressed Mrs. Tompkins; but Louisa Adelaide bore up against it wonderfully. I more than suspected that this philosophy arose from her devotion to her lover—as she could hardly with consistency have sighed for good society with her heart fixed on a civil engineer—but I was glad to see her so contented, at all events. For my own part, I confess I was rather hurt at our social isolation.

Upon a certain Saturday, as I was riding over the sand-hills, I met my next neighbor, the Honorable Tom Noddell, also on horse-back, and he could scarcely help exchanging a few words with me. I was stiff enough, and of course he knew the reason of it. I made him indeed so uncomfortable that he began to apologize for himself and his friends.

"You see," said he, "considering the circumstances, we scarcely thought it worth our while to call."

"The deuce you didn't!" said I; "I am obliged to you for your candor, I'm sure."

"I mean no offence," added he; "but since you were only to be among us for such a very short time—"

"And how do you know that, pray, Mr. Noddell?" interrupted I. "You and your friends seem to take a great deal for granted. I am not aware that I am likely to remain a long time at Eyrre Towers than you are at Cinqueport Lodge."

The Honorable Tom Noddell regarded me with a momentary expression of pity, precisely similar to that which had already appeared on the faces of so many of humbler rank, and stammering out that he had been misinformed, and that Mrs. Noddell would take the earliest opportunity of repairing her omission by calling upon Mrs. Tompkins, he rode away at a canter, although not so fast but that I heard him sniggering as he went, like a country gentleman laughing in his sleeve.

It was evident to my mind that the Honorable Thomas Noddell, although he was my intellectual inferior, knew something that I did not know.

This knowledge was not, however, destined to be hid from me long.

### CHAPTER IV.

Upon my return from that very Saturday's ride which I have mentioned, I found the Cheap Castle in confusion from battlement to dojon-keep, or, less figuratively, from the drawing-room to the kitchen. Louisa Adelaide was in powerful hysterics. Her mother and the female domestics were of course more or less out of their minds with terror, and I was not a little alarmed myself; for my daughter is as sensible a girl as ever breathed, and does not laugh and cry in the same breath, or scream at the top of her voice, without a good reason. She had been found lying on the floor of the boudoir, grasping in her clenched fingers the portrait of Mr. Theophilus Chane.

"I had taken it down," said she, when she came to herself, "for the purpose of cleaning it, and I had it close to my face," (here she blushed, poor thing) "when a shock similar to the one you remember, papa, almost brought me to the ground, after which there was a peal of thunder, much worse than what we heard on that occasion."

"Is it not therefore plain, my dear," said I, smiling, "that Nature herself is inimical—"

"Oh, pray, pray, papa, do not joke about it. I shall never sit in that room again with any comfort. I shall never be happy in Eyrre Towers any more." And Louisa Adelaide wrung her hands in a manner most distressing for a parent to behold.

At this moment there was the sound of wheels upon the drawbridge, and the gateway bell gave a tremendous peal. The women put their fingers into their ears at this quite unaccustomed portent, and screamed afresh. It was like some horrid sound out of the Castle of Otranto realized. But instead of a nodding plume and a helmet coming through the hall, it was Theophilus Chane in a one-horse fly, come to stay from the Battery to the Monday. Louisa Adelaide and the rest of them revived immensely upon this, but, for my part, I was more disturbed by his appearance than by all that had occurred before. If an Englishman's house is his castle, not to be invaded by people he doesn't want, how much more should his castle be his castle! I went out rather hastily, and I believe slamming the door after me, and took a rapid turn or two upon the terrace, to disperse what in a less good-natured man might be called ill-humor; presently I began to walk alone, and at last I took out my cigar-case. All my readers who are smokers will know that that was a good sign. A man in a passion can no more smoke a cigar than he can compose a sonnet. After a whiff or two I began to take some note of external objects; and among others, of the gardener who was trimming a little flower-bed that intervened between the terrace and the sea.

"It is a pity that we have not a little more space for flower-beds in that direction," observed I.

"Ah, yes, sir," returned the old man, with an intense melancholy, "it is indeed. I can remember when there was ten or a dozen beds here, and an arbor, blow yer, in the late Lord Childsen's time. Ah, he was a grand old gentleman, he was!"

What an extraordinary instance, thought I, of the evil effects of hereditary servitude. This gardener, and his father and grandfather before him, had all in turn been in the employment of the Childsen family; and now, because the master was gone, the man was losing his senses.

"Where did you say there used to be ten or a dozen beds?" inquired I.

"There, sir," groaned the ancient retainer, pointing straight out to sea. "Where you see them 'ere breakers used to be the rose-garden."

"Dear me," said I, willing to humor the poor old man; "and where was the arbor?"

"The arbor was yonder, sir—near a hundred and twenty foot away, I should say. The young ladies was a-taking tea in it when it caved in." The old man took from his pocket a handkerchief of the description known as "the blue bird's eye," and wiped his eyes one by one. "I takes an interest in this 'ere little plot, sir," added he, "because it's the last." Then he went on digging in silence.

"What an exceedingly odd old man you are," thought I. He was obviously mad, but yet so gentle, that he turned the worms away with the flat of his spade, and forebore to cut them through. "What an exceedingly odd old man!"

Just then a hand was laid on my shoulder, and I found myself face to face with young Chane. He had not the same thoughtful expression as he usually wore, but one that was grave, and even sorrowful, after another manner. Why, confound him, he was looking at me just as that driver, and the mad gardener, and the housekeeper, and the Honorable Tom Noddell had looked, as much as to say—"Poor old gentleman, I pity you; you have been and put your foot in it, heel and all."

"What is the matter, Mr. Chane?" said I, sharply. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"No, sir," returned he gravely; "but I have heard the subterranean noise that has disturbed your family, and I know what evil it bodes to Eyrre Towers."

"Well, what?" said I with a short laugh.

"Ruin!" replied he. "Your castle is built upon a rock indeed, but that rock is sandstone. The eastern tower, which Louisa Adelaide has chosen for her boudoir, will be in the sea in six months. Your land decreases with every tide. If you will but descend yonder steps you may see for yourself how the waves have honeycombed the cliff, and threaten to engulf it utterly."

In a shorter time than the best judges would have deemed possible, I descended hand over hand to the sea-shore. Mr. Leonard indeed had done it quicker, but few other professional gymnasts, and so amateur. When a man has sunk five figures (even if they be but small ones) in the purchase of a property which somebody has told him is valueless, he makes haste to see. It would

have been a good deal better for me if I had taken those steps before.

No wonder the castle was cheap. It was not worth eighteen months' purchase. The sea would have the whole of it in a couple of years. What a light was shed at once upon all the sayings which, until now, has so puzzled me!

Well might Miss Walker, of Sharp street, Cinqueport, have observed—"Well, sir, we may not long have the opportunity of visiting Eyrre Towers at all." I felt a little mitigation of my misfortune in that I had never sent her a ticket of admittance.

Well might the driver have remarked that I could "scarcely expect" that the castle flag would fly over Mrs. Tompkins' head "for many, many years!"

Well might that felonious Mr. Nathaniel Graves dissuade me from descending to the shore. His agitation when I asked whether the house was haunted had arisen from the fear of quite another question. No wonder the road ran so close to the cliff top; once only he had spoken truth when he said that it did not use to do so. There would be no road at all next year.

Well might the Hon. Tom Noddell and his friends think it "not worth while" to call upon us, since we were "only to be amongst them for such a very short time." He had concluded that I was aware of my danger, and had bought the Cheap Castle with my eyes open. When he found out that I was a dupe he sniggered; and who could have helped it?

Well might the old retainers cast upon me looks of pity at seeing me in the meshes of the man of law. Eyrre Towers had been bought and sold (and always marvellously cheap) ten times within the last twenty years. It was getting cheaper and cheaper every year. Everybody about Cinqueport knew the secret, and Mr. Nathaniel Graves had received his agent's percentage ten times over. When the place was first disposed of by its noble proprietor—on the occasion of the arbor caving in while the Hon. Misses Childsen were taking tea in it—there had been a great space, when looked at from above, between the Cheap Castle and the sea. The subterranean thunder caused by the falling of the sand-cliff sounded, as yet, distant. The rose-garden was, I dare say, just where the old gardener had indicated it; I had thought him mad for doing so five minutes ago—but now who was the madman?

"If I was a rogue like the rest of them," muttered I aloud, "I should ride over to that second-rate Graves, and tell him to advertise in the Times as usual. I dare say he would find another fool to take the place. How did you find out all about it, Theophilus?"

I called Chane by the old name, because I began to feel towards him after the old fashion. He was really a good fellow, although not a good match for my daughter; and even in the latter respect there was less disparity between our respective social conditions since Eyrre Towers was doomed; I was a poorer man by ten thousand pounds at least.

"Well, sir," returned the civil engineer, "I knew no more about the matter than your own half an hour ago; but feeling the boudoir shake, and hearing a rumble with which my professional ear is well acquainted, I suspected what was wrong, and came down here at once, where I found my worst apprehensions verified."

"Well, it's a great loss, Theophilus," said I philosophically; "and I confess I shall be grieved to quit Eyrre Towers."

"Then, if I were you, I would just stop where I was," returned Theophilus gravely.

"What! and 'cave in,' like the Honorable Misses Childsen in the arbor? No; not I!"

"My dear Mr. Tompkins," exclaimed the young man earnestly, "listen to me. A set of short-sighted as well as dishonorable men have been selling this place, as quick as they could sell, for I don't know how long, and each at a considerable pecuniary loss. If they had expended half the money in an honest and sagacious way, they might have lived here as long as they pleased. I know you will never act as they did as to the dishonesty; but as to the sagacity, will you be wise, and stay where you are? For five thousand pounds I will answer for building you such a breakwater as shall keep Eyrre Towers for your great-grandchildren; and if there be Portland stone within a reasonable distance—"

"There is," cried I, interrupting the young man hilariously; "there's a blessed quarry of Portland stone on my own land. Look here, Theophilus: if you will stop these noises, prop up the eastern tower, build the breakwater for five thousand pounds, and save me my Cheap Castle, I tell you what I'll give you—I'll give you Louisa Adelaide!"

"Then, that's a bargain," quoth Mr. Theophilus Chane, C.E.; and we shook hands.

My wife and daughter never knew anything about the matter until there was nothing to know; they never suspected their danger till it was past: we told them that we were building a pier. When it was finished, and Eyrre Towers made secure, we had a wedding there, at which the Honorable Tom Noddell and half the country were present. As soon as they found out that our stay was not to be for a limited period, they had thought it worth while to call. The rescue of so well known a pile as Eyrre Towers from the devouring ocean, has enhanced my son-in-law's reputation, and helped to render him by no means so bad a match after all.

Mr. Nathaniel Graves alone speaks ill of the achievement, which he complains has deprived him of an annuity; and whenever I meet him he reminds me with snappish dissatisfaction of how he always told me I had bought the property for an old song.—Albeit, it is no thanks to him that Eyrre Towers is really a Cheap Castle after all.

The happiest man is the benevolent one, for he owns stock in the happiness of all mankind.

He who reels and staggers most in the journey of life, takes the straightest cut to ruin.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

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### THE RECENT REPULSE.

There is no stronger proof of the possession of high and noble qualities by a nation, than a calm and firm bearing under the pressure of disaster and defeat. That the recent attack on the rebel position at Fredericksburg, was a very severe repulse, every one must admit; but, while admitting this, there is no reason for the indulgence of weak and unmanly complaints, nor are such complaints in accordance with the character of the great majority of the American people.

On three occasions, Gen. Burnside has attempted the bold game of carrying hostile intrenchments by a charge, and on two of these occasions—at Roanoke Island, and at Newbern—the result was all he could have hoped. On the third and last trial—that at Fredericksburg—he has disastrously failed. If he had succeeded in this last case also, nothing would have been said of the folly of the attempt—for the result to the enemy would probably have been overwhelming. Now, while we admit that a commander who cannot succeed in his undertakings, after a fair trial, is not the right man in the right place, we should not expect constant and unvarying success on the part of any general.

The readers of history know that the great Napoleon—master of strategy as he was—was proud of the lives of his soldiers on just such occasions. The storming of well-defended lines and intrenchments, was a feat frequently attempted by him—usually with heavy loss, generally with success, but also frequently with failure. A contemporary says, and though we have not verified the assertion by a reference to the books, we suppose it to be correct, that the entire movement of Burnside at Fredericksburg, was very similar to Napoleon's first crossing of the Danube. Napoleon's movement brought on the battle of Gross-Aspern, in which he was so hardly used that he was obliged to recross, as Burnside has done, to the Island of Lobau. There, taking six weeks to give his troops rest, improve his bridges, and obtain reinforcements, he made ready for a new crossing, and the magnificent and decisive battle of Wagram, was the result.

In the present case there is nothing to cause serious despondency. We have lost in killed, wounded and missing, probably 10,000 men—and a sad loss it is, indeed; one to weep bitter tears over. The rebels have lost probably 5,000—as one of the Richmond papers admits a loss of 3,500. At this day, however, on the Rappahannock, since Sigel has come up, we probably outnumber the enemy not less than 50,000 men. And the path that cannot be blocked out in one direction, can in another—as Napoleon proved at Wagram. And one thing the present repulse almost conclusively shows, that give the army of the Potomac a fair field, and with the blessing of God, they will make short work of Gen. Lee's whole array of rebels.

As for General Burnside's military ability, we, for one, have a higher opinion of it than we have before the recent movements. While we have admired the man—his undoubted bravery, his patriotic earnestness, and deep devotion to the Union—we have never felt that confidence in his generalship which we should like to feel in one occupying so high and important a position.

But the crossing and the recrossing of the Rappahannock, in the face of so powerful a foe, and with scarcely the least loss, would seem to prove that we have either overrated Lee, or underrated Burnside. For, although it may be argued with great plausibility that it was not Lee's object to prevent a crossing, it cannot be argued that he would willingly have allowed an unimpeded recrossing.—When the news came that Burnside had crossed with so little loss, certain persons said, "Lee allows Burnside to walk into the trap." We replied—"Lions sometimes break through traps." But Burnside, after his repulse, coolly walked out of the trap in the night time, in the front of a foe flushed with his transient victory. Therefore as we can hardly doubt Lee's generalship—after the proofs he has afforded of it—we must infer that Burnside probably possesses no small degree of the same kind of ability.

And if Burnside has generalship, now is the time to prove it. There lies Richmond, on the north bank of the James. Sixty miles off lies the Army of the Potomac. Between lies the rebel army, strong, but inferior in numbers. The problem is, not to evade, but to meet that rebel army, on something like a fair field, and either to crush it, or to drive it into the intrenchments of the rebel capital, where it may be worth while to waste some little time in regular approaches. Burnside cannot afford regularly to approach every hill that can be fortified between the Rappahannock and the James. If the rebel positions cannot be stormed, they must be turned. If the Union commander is not strong enough at present to attempt this with safety, he should be reinforced. But we judge that he has already ample strength for all the requirements of his position. Has he the



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## THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A gentleman, travelling some years since in the upper part of this state, called at a tavern, and requested entertainment for the night. The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he, as well as his horse, were almost exhausted with travelling. After much solicitation, the landlord consented to his stopping, provided he would sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reported to have been murdered in that room some years before.

"Very well," says the man, "I'm not afraid of ghosts."

After having refreshed himself, he inquired of the landlord how and in what manner the room in which he was to lodge was haunted. The landlord replied that shortly after they retired to rest an unknown voice was heard, in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, "Do you want to be shaved?"

"Well," replied the man, "if he comes he may shave me."

He then requested to be shown to the apartment, in going to which he was conducted through a large room where were seated a great number of persons at a gambling-table. Feeling a curiosity which almost every one possesses after having heard ghost stories, he carefully searched every corner of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual furniture of the apartment. He then lay down, but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately; and in a few minutes he imagined he heard a voice saying—

"Do you want to be shaved?"

He arose from his bed and searched every part of the room, but could discover nothing. He again went to bed; but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep, than the question was again repeated. He again arose and went to the window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent. After a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly; and convinced that it was from without, he opened the window, when the question was repeated full in his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large oak tree, which stood under the window, projected so near the house that every breath of wind, to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation—

"Do you want to be shaved?"

Having satisfied himself that his ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb of a tree coming in contact with the house, he again went to bed, and attempted to get asleep; but he was now interrupted by peals of laughter, and an occasional volley of oaths and curses, from the room where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from the bed and wrapped it around him, and taking the washbasin in his hand, and throwing a towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, walked in, exclaiming, in a tremendous voice—

"Do you want to be shaved?"

Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown into the greatest confusion in attempting to escape it—some jumping through the window, and others tumbling head over heels down stairs. Our ghost, taking advantage of a clear room, deliberately swept a large amount of the

money from the table into the basin, and retired unseen to his own room.

The next morning he found the house in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well, to which he replied in the affirmative.

"Well, no wonder," said the landlord, "for the ghost, instead of going to his own room, made a mistake, and came to our room, frightened us out of the room, and took away every dollar of our money."

The guest, without being the least suspected, quietly ate his own breakfast, and departed, many hundred dollars the richer by the adventure.

## HORACE JAYNE.

We publish by request the following lines from the pen of a well known lady, dedicated to the child of one of our prominent Philadelphians:—

Child of the pale and golden hair, boy of the sunny smile,  
Lo, Heaven hath made thee wondrous fair, fair as his own sweet time;  
Thine be the power to mirror forth, should manhood crown thy youth—  
Pure, golden grains, from wisdom's store, dug from the mine of truth.

Wert thou an angel, lost among the lovely stars of light?  
And straying here hath found a home to comfort human sight!  
In old time fair angels dwelt among the sons of men,  
When messages of love were sent, and to reprove of sin.

Of God's creative, glorious thought, a lovely symbol thou,  
With happiness thy being's freight, and on thy childish brow  
Fair intellect hath found a place, sweet love illumed thine eyes;  
And on thy lips pure innocence hath breathed from Paradise.

Let that great spirit permeate, and fill thy youthful soul,  
And come it soon, or come it late, ere thou shalt reach life's goal;  
There in that land of love and light, a beauteous seraph thou,  
Wearing a suit of armor bright, Christ's signet on thy brow.

MILITARY GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA.—A highly influential delegation of members of both houses of Congress, with Vice President Hamlin at their head, recently waited on the President, with a request, unanimously signed by the loyal men of Florida, asking for the appointment of Hon. Eli Thayer as Military Governor of that state, with authority to raise 20,000 loyal volunteers. They also presented to the President a paper signed by 134 members of the Senate and House earnestly concurring in the request of the loyal men of Florida, and a paper from Major General Hunter, commander of the Department of the South, to the same effect. The Committee were well satisfied with the interview.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—The Queen of Spain, alluding to the difficulties arising from our necessary operations in the Gulf, says, "she feels confident that these events will not change the excellent relations heretofore maintained with the United States Government." This comes from a sovereign who has more reason to complain of the United States than any other Government in Europe. Yet when an opportunity is apparently presented to return the injury, her words are those of friendliness and good-will. This example is not only a good one to ourselves, but it should be remembered to the benefit of Spain.

Fashionable people are apt to starve their happiness, in order to feed their vanity.

## THE EMPRESS.

A Rippant writer in St. James Magazine, not having the fear of Napoleon III. before him, thus describes the Empress Eugenie, as she appears after her morning bath:—

A magnificent clock has just struck twelve. Suddenly the folding doors are thrown open, and we are able to take an indiscreet glance at the other room, and the close white curtains draped round the Empress's bed. A lady in waiting appears in the doorway, and then steps on one side with deep reverence. Directly after the fairy-like form of the Empress Eugenie is visible, as she walks, with a light, elastic step into her boudoir. She proceeds to the sofa, and sinks into the soft cushions. She then dismisses her waiting-woman by a gentle nod; the doors close again noiselessly, and her Majesty is alone. She leans back on the cushions as if fatigued by the bath which she has just taken, so that her light muslin dress, with its countless lace-trimmed flounces, is gently raised, and exposes her dainty feet, in the white silk stockings and shoes, as high as the ankle. She seems to have been longing for the quiet and solitude of this room, for she has thrown back her beautiful head, surrounded with the pale golden hair, and appears to be in a reverie. The soft, azure eye is only half visible beneath the impenetrable eyelids, and her entire appearance indicates exhaustion and fatigue. The lines of the face are so fine, so noble, and run into each other so harmoniously, that it seems as if a sculptor had incarnated his ideal. But the color of the cheeks is no longer that of youth. The forehead, broad and slightly arched, displays those fine ripple-marks which the woman of thirty bears, and the woman of thirty-six or so old is the Empress—endures with a sigh. The whole expression of this war-like countenance, with its enchanting blending of the Moorish and Germanic types, displays somewhat of southern languor; but if she were to smile, if words were to pass those exquisitely carved lips, the coldness of this face would melt away; the eyes would open to their full size, and sparkle like stars in a tropical heaven; and beauty would reappear, as if by enchantment, on these pale cheeks.

Robert Hall was unhappy in his courtship of Miss Steel. When he was perhaps smothering beneath the disappointment, he went out to tea. The lady of the house said, with no very good taste:—"You are dull, Mr. Hall; we have no polished steel here to entertain you." "Oh, madam, that's not the slightest consequence; you have plenty of polished brass." His genius for happy retort never slumbered. One of his congregation, a sickly, querulous old mortal, met him in the street. "Ah, Mr. Hall, you have never—been to see me—sir. I've been—very ill—I've been—at—Death's door—Mr. Hall." Hall replied:—"Why didn't you step in, sir? Why didn't you stop in?"

When, almost a year ago, Gen. Burnside swept over the rebel entrenchments successively at Roanoke Island and Newbern, carrying them by main strength in the face of a terrific fire of artillery and musketry, the whole country rang with applause of his gallantry and capacity. Now that he has tried the same strategy upon a still stronger position, much more formidably defended, thousands are ready to blame him for rashness and mismanagement. We do not admire this wisdom after the event, and shall endeavor to avoid it.

"COW-COTTON."—A friend in Tennessee has sent us a specimen of "cow-cotton"—a novelty among manufactures, uniting in its fabric both the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, being a mixture, half and half, of cotton and cow's hair. It makes a cheaper and stronger fabric than all cotton for common clothing. Its gray color, its coarse grain, its tough fibre, give it a little of the old-time homespun look, when men wore linsey-woolsey. The mode of manufacture is by hand-carding, as practiced by our mothers and grandmothers. If the pure southern stuff that is fed to the Manchester mills should utterly fail, the English aristocracy may be glad to hear that their backs need not go bare, but can be clothed with cow-cotton—Independent.

A man is circumscribed in all his ways by God's providence, just as he is in a ship; for though he may walk freely upon the decks, he must go whither the ship bears him.

COFFEE.—A friend informs us that parched sweet corn is excellent to mix with Java coffee—half and half.

A Congressman, speaking the other night to the President of the bitter cold night, said, what a terrible night this must be for the unfortunate soldiers, who were badly provided with shelter. The President answered:—"Would that I had one of their places! There is not a man in the army with whom I would not willingly exchange places to-night."

"Old Abe" recently put \$1,000 in his wife's purse, and told her to distribute it among the sick and wounded soldiers in Washington. Like a good wife, she obeyed her husband.

The venerable Dr. Lavan Clark, of the M. E. Church, relates one of the many laughable scenes of his ministry, the story of a man in Landaff, N. H., who, in his zeal for the conversion of his wife, prayed, "Lord, fill her with *ambrosia*." Ambrosia too often attends a mistaken conversion.

Members of the Cabinet are about to marry, say the Washington gossip, and widows of former distinguished Senators are to be the blushing brides.

"Husband, if an honest man is God's noblest work, what is an honest woman?" "His rarest, dear."

OUR WOUNDED.—The latest reports of our losses in the late battle make the number less than has been reported—less than 1,100 killed and 8,000 wounded—a large portion of whom were but slightly wounded. We lost 800 prisoners and took about as many.

## FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Dec. 21.—Yesterday morning, at daylight, about a hundred of the Hampton Legion (rebel cavalry) entered Quantico, and captured a lieutenant and thirty privates of the 10th New York cavalry, guarding the telegraph wires. Eleven officers and six soldiers' wagons were seized by the enemy.

No new movements by the enemy have been observed since we evacuated the south side of the river.

It is not known to Gen. Burnside's staff that he has tendered his resignation of the command of this army, as stated in a Washington correspondence.

Everything is quiet along the river.

REPORTED RESIGNATION OF GENERAL BURNSIDE.—It is confidently reported at Washington that General Burnside has tendered his resignation of the command of the Army of the Potomac.

Up to noon on Saturday, the resignation of Secretary Seward had not been accepted. It is also reported that Secretary Chase has resigned.

Governor Curtin's mission to Washington to arrange for the speedy transportation within the State of Pennsylvania soldiers has been entirely successful.

General Curtis has received a communication from the rebel Holmes, forwarded by direction of Jeff. Davis, inquiring as to the recent shooting of guerrillas at Valley Forge.

A dispatch to Gen. Curtis from Gen. Herron says that the rebel Hindman is supposed to have retreated across the Arkansas river. Many of the men in his army are coming over to the Union army.

It is rumored that 6,000 Texas rebels, with artillery, are marching on Santa Fe, by way of Lee Vigue and El Paso, but the report is not confirmed.

Gen. Schofield has left St. Louis to resume command of the Army of the Frontier.

CABO, Dec. 20.—Midnight. A body of rebel cavalry, variously estimated at from 3,000 to 8,000, made a raid on the railroad three miles this side of Jackson, Tenn., yesterday morning. After firing into a train, they tore up the track for a considerable distance, and burned a long tunnel work.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DESTINY AND OBJECTS OF THE BANKS EXPEDITION.—It is now supposed that the Banks expedition is going to New Orleans. The New York Herald says that Banks goes there to take the place of Gen. Butler. Mobile is then to be captured, and communication established and kept up between the two places. Gen. Banks will have a force of nearly 70,000 men under him, which can easily do the work. Attacks will also be made in various directions. A main object of the expedition is to counteract the supposed projects of the French in Mexico and the southern states. Texas is also to be occupied to prevent the shipment of cotton and cut off the supplies of provisions for the rebels, beside which he is to co-operate with the Mississippi expedition in keeping that river clear.

Miss Fantadling says the first time she locked arms with a young man, she felt like Hope leaning on her anchor. Poetic young woman that!

PRENTICE AGAIN.—Prentice, after quoting John Locke, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, says that a hoop skirt, hanging out of a shop door, always reminds him of the peal of a bell!

It is no misfortune for a Miss to lose her good name, when a bachelor can give her a better one.

A right reverend controversialist well said, "A little oil makes the knife cut more keenly."

Little Frank, who is much interested in stories of wild animals, being told that the lion always pauses before springing upon its prey, remarked—"I like the lion best of all the animals, because he gives you time to pray before he eats you!"—Portland Transcript.

Babies are the tyrants of the world. The Emperor must tread softly; baby sleeps! Mozart must hush his nascent requiem; baby sleeps! Phidias must drop his hammer and chisel; baby sleeps! Demosthenes, be dumb! baby sleeps!

Praise is sometimes as hurtful as censure. It is as bad to be blown into the air as to be cast into a pit.

The following is from a religious, North Carolina newspaper:—"In New Orleans on Saturday, Miss Rose McKinney, aged seven years, severely stabbed William Scully, Esq., aged five years, with a knife. No cause assigned, but probably jealousy was at the bottom of the affair." What an age we have grown to!

It is related that a rebel officer, captured in a recent battle, asked wonderingly, "Where is this Iowa that sends forty thousand soldiers into the field? What part of the map is it on? I never heard of it till the war commenced."

A manufacturer of thread, having accidentally cut his nose, took one of his gummed spool labels to close the cut. On going home he wondered why every one laughed at him. Looking in the glass he read on the label that his nose was "warranted 30 yards long!"

"My wife," said a wag the other day, "came near calling me honey last night." "Indeed, how was that?" "Why, she called me old beeswax."

At what point do armies generally enter hostile cities? At the point of the bayonet.

"So poor Miss Prim is dead at last, Miss Singleton?" "Oh, yes, poor critter; she couldn't bear to hear how Dr. Squibbs was a shilling up to Widow Wimple, so she just filled with grief and sunk under it." "Poor, unfortunate creature!" said the old maid. "How does my new cap look?"

To be clothed in rags used to be an indication of poverty, but now beggars can sell their old clothes for a small fortune.

Dr. Prescott and his wife celebrated their golden wedding recently in Farmington, Me. Among the presents was a box labeled "Homeopathic pills," which was found to be full of gold dollars.

The man who shows that he is vain of having done us a favor pays himself and says so to our trouble.

A man of letters is often a man with two natures: one a book nature, the other a human nature. These often clash sadly.

## INJUNCTION APPLIED FOR.

We are informed that a charter having been obtained from the Legislature of this state to construct what is commonly called a "Passenger" railroad from the Navy Yard to Fairmount, with extensions, an attempt is now being made to use that charter for an entirely different purpose—the construction of a regular, locomotive road, designed to connect the railroad to New York with that to Baltimore.

It is the dictate alike of law and of Common Sense, that charters should be strictly interpreted. And if this case really be as is represented, we regard it as a flagrant attempt to violate the privileges granted by the Legislature—an attempt which we cannot doubt will be peremptorily enjoined by the proper Court.

If a connection between the two railroads alluded to is sought to be made, let it be properly applied for. For ourselves, we see no objection to such a connection, if made in the proper place—but we do see strong reasons why one of the handsomest avenues in our city, should not be spoiled by a road that could just as well, though not perhaps quite as cheaply, be located elsewhere. We see not half the objection to such a road going round the city, as we do to its going through any of our main thoroughfares.

## FUNNY.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin of the 19th, really says, in its leading editorial:—

Whether there is an organized conspiracy against the Government, or not, we are unable to say; but there are rumors and wild perils in New York and in this city, that seem to indicate that there is one. We hear of men pretending that the only way to save the Union is to drive President Lincoln out of the White House and place there a military dictator. We hear of some who playfully say that this will be done within a week, who rejoice over the prospect, and who invite their acquaintances to rejoice with them.

Really, we cannot characterize the above as anything else than supremely ridiculous. Here is a Federal Government with 800,000 men in arms to do its bidding. All it has to do is to be certain of the fidelity of its leading officers—especially the commanding generals—and it can laugh at all conspiracies, organized or unorganized.

And, even if generals would play traitor, the rank and file would not. The great masses of our soldiers, as of our people, believe in Republicanism and in Law, and would not become the tools of any military dictator. Why, chaos would come at the North if such a thing were attempted, and partially successful. The present condition of the South would be a paradise to it. But the whole thing is nonsensical.

## CAPTURE OF KINGSTON.

Notwithstanding the recent dispatch from the rebel General Evans, it appears that General Foster has taken Kingston, N. C., capturing also 500 prisoners and 11 pieces of artillery. Kingston is only 28 miles from Goldsboro, which is situated on the railroad leading from Richmond to Wilmington, Charleston, &c.

OUR LOSSES.—It is now stated that our losses at Fredericksburg were 1,400 killed, 8,000 wounded, and 800 taken prisoners—10,300 in all. Bad enough, but a good deal better than the 16,000 reported by certain newspaper correspondents.

On the rebel side, Gen. Lee says that their losses were about 1,800. But as one of the Richmond papers already has chronicled the arrival of 2,050 of the wounded in that city, and we have some seven or eight hundred rebel prisoners, it is probable the rebel loss was at least not below 4,000. If they had remained all the time in their intrenchments they probably would have fared still better.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POEMS OF ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The blue and gold of Ticknor & Fields' dainty series suit especially well with these graceful poems; ballads of quiet pathos and sweetness; with more passionate lyrics, throbbing with a sorrow which declares itself more and more distinctly in every line. These poems bear a filial and feminized likeness to those of "Barry Cornwall," enough to remind us continually of the relationship of their authors. Of the ballads, the story of "True Honors" is to our taste the sweetest; the "Cradle-Song of the Poet" the most pathetic. We extract a poem shorter than these as particularly characteristic, in its grace and suggestiveness, of Miss Proctor's style:

## HOME-SICKNESS.

"Where I am, the halls are gilded,  
Stored with pictures bright and rare;  
Strains of deep melodious music  
Float upon the perfumed air—  
Nothing like the dreary silence  
Save the melancholy sea,  
Near the poor and humble cottage  
Where I fain would be!"

"Where I am, the sun is shining,  
And the purple windows glow,  
Till their rich arched shadows  
Stain the marble floor below—  
Faded autumn leaves are trembling  
On the withered juniper-tree  
Creeping round the little casement,  
Where I fain would be!"

"Where I am, the days are passing  
Over a pathway strewn with flowers;  
Song and joy and sunny pleasures  
Crown the happy smiling hours—  
Slowly, heavily, and sadly,  
Time with weary wings must flee,  
Marked by pain, and toil, and sorrow,  
Where I fain would be!"

"Where I am, are glorious dreamings,  
Science, genius, art divine;  
And the great minds whose all honor  
Juster hange their thoughts with mine—  
A few simple hearts are waiting,  
Longing, yearning for me,  
Far away, where tears are falling,  
Where I fain would be!"

"Where I am, all think me happy,  
For so well I play my part,  
None so good, who so lie around me,  
How far distant is my heart—  
Far away, in a poor cottage,  
Listening to the dreary sea,  
There the treasure of my life are,  
Where I fain would be!"

generality? If he has, glorious will be the laurels that will encircle the head of that man, who is able to inscribe on the torn and stained banners of his legions, the one significant word, Richmond.

## AN AMUSING CAPTURE.

The residence of Jacob Thompson, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, is, or rather was,—for Thompson is on the run—at Oxford, Mississippi. When our troops recently entered Oxford, it appears that Thompson's papers were overhauled, and his letter-book found, as also a number of letters addressed to him. Some of these letters are being published, and are very instructive reading. In one, copied into the letter-book, Thompson writes to a friend, under date of Nov. 20th, 1860:—

Difficulties accumulate upon us here. As long as I am here I shall shield and protect the South. Whenever it shall come to pass that I shall think that I can do no further good here, I shall return to my home. Buchanan is the true friend to the South I have ever known from the North. He is a Jew and a man. But my duty now is to the South.

I want the co-operation of the Southern states. Geography makes separate and isolated action by Mississippi an absurdity. I have some influence in our Southern sister states. I wish to do all I can to secure their sympathy and co-operation. A Confederation of the Southern states will be strong enough to command the respect of the world, and the love and confidence of our people at home. South Carolina will go. I consider Georgia and Florida as certain; Alabama probable. Then Mississippi must go. But I want Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland will not stay behind long.

I fear Kentucky even more than I do Missouri. If we are not too hasty and violent, these states will all unite, because it will be their interest and their honor and feelings to do so. As soon as our mechanics, our merchants, our lawyers, and our editors look the matter in the face and calculate the consequences, they will see their interest so strong in this movement I fear they will be violent beyond control. The successful, unopposed installation of Lincoln is the beginning of the end of slavery.

The North is dependent on the South for its prosperity. The South is not dependent on the North for anything necessary to her material welfare.

Thompson, when he wrote the above, was a sworn officer of the United States government—and yet, as will be seen, he was plotting to destroy the government he was under oath to uphold, and thus acting the part of a perjured traitor in his high office.

In another letter, a Mr. N. S. Rensau, under date of Memphis, Oct. 25 1859, writes a letter addressed jointly to "His Excellency James Buchanan and Hon. J. Thompson," in which he says:—

The numerical strength of the civil migrating party to Cuba is, by reports, now over twenty-five thousand. Of this number at least seven or eight thousand are ready to move for Cuba; and as your Excellency has told me you had every confidence in me, and you, Hon. Mr. Thompson, have assured me that the Federal officers at New Orleans and Mobile would be instructed to "let me and my emigrating friends pass," I now very respectfully request that you place in the hands of our mutual friends, Mr. C. Galloway and C. M. Campbell, editors of the Memphis *Advertiser*, your most faithful supporters, the necessary passports for my benefit, and the sum of ten thousand dollars secret service funds for the use and benefit of those editors as above, in supporting your cause in securing Cuba by civil emigration, and with the use of that amount they will be enabled to earnestly and effectually co-operate with you for the accomplishment of that grand object. The political position of the *Advertiser*, as a true Democratic Administration paper, enables that paper to wield the necessary influence in successfully accomplishing the acquisition of Cuba before the termination of the present Administration, and the political aspect now loudly calls for it.

Whether the money (United States money, be it remembered,) was forwarded or not, is not stated—or the proof may perhaps be for the present withheld by the Administration.

There are other letters, one of which (dated Jan. 19th, 1861,) is an application to Mr. Thompson for money to get up "anti-coercion" handbills and meetings in the city of New York. This last is signed by a Mr. T. W. MacMahon, who is said to have been confidential secretary of Fernando Wood when that gentleman was mayor. MacMahon writes:

You will see by the reports in the *Herald* that every few days, our metropolis is flooded with Anti-Republican handbills. They are the source of the greatest anxiety and consternation to our enemies and a profound mystery to the general public. Groups of people gather around perusing them wherever they are found. Some attempt to tear them down, when a conflict generally ensues. The Republicans already imagine that they are sleeping upon a volcano. And all this is the work of two or three men, at their own expense, and without means to afford its continuance. As for the mercenary class, we could not get a single shilling out of them. Hence, I resolved to address myself to you.

Altogether, the Thompson correspondence is very interesting and suggestive reading.

CHANGES IN THE CABINET.—It is reported that in consequence of the Republican Senators, in caucus, having adopted a resolution recommending to the President a change in the Cabinet, that Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, and his son, the Assistant Secretary, have handed in their resignations. It is also reported that Secretary Blair will follow suit, and even that General Halleck will be removed. Secretary Stanton, it is said, still retains the confidence of the President.

What reliance is to be placed in these reports a few days probably will determine. So far as Mr. Seward is concerned, it is generally known that that gentleman, for a year past, has not enjoyed the confidence of a large and influential portion of the Republican party—consider him to be wanting in that energy and resolution which such momentous times as the present require.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—Our thanks are due to the Hon. W. A. Kelley for a copy of the Preliminary Report of the Census of 1860, containing a great deal of valuable information.



## CHRISTMAS.

THE WHITE POWDER.

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings, of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord."—Luke 2, chap. 16, 11.

Stately the moon looks down. On Judah's mountain brow,  
Shepherds were watching their flocks in the night;

O'er Nazareth's verdant vale, wanders the evening glow,  
Smiling and frowning, beneath the first light:

Far in the eastern sky, Carmel's dark summit high,  
Blue majestic, and looks on the sea,  
Where 'neath the midnight breeze heaven dark  
Apparitions gleam.

South where dread waters the doomed cities be,  
Soft slopes the silver beam on Cedron's winding stream,  
Shedding mild glories on hills far away,  
Charming each eye that roves o'er Jordan's (3)

olive groves,  
With a soft beauty, unknown to the day;  
Far roll the billows free of the great western sea, (4)

Through the dim distance all mistily seen,  
All like a lovely dream doth to the shepherd  
Stately watching his flocks on the green.

Lo! on the shepherd's gaze what rays of glory beam!  
Gleaming like rainbows, strewed the dark sky!

Ah! 'tis an angel bright, come from the realms of light,  
Gleaming the shine of the regions on high!

"Come! thou a vision sent—our sins chastise—  
Bringest thou a blessing—or bearest thou the rod?"

Oh! if on vengeance bent thou com'st in anger sent,  
How shall we brook the displeasure of God?"

Hark! 'tis the angel's voice—fear not! ye shall rejoice,  
Behold good tidings of great joy I bring,  
Which unto all shall be—for ye this day shall see

Born unto you—the Christ—the promised King;  
Let a babe's form be chose; wrapped in his swaddling clothes,  
Lowly and meek in the manger he lies;

Where can such love be found—upon the lowly ground,  
Even for your sins, like the Prince of the skies.

Look! o'er the night's deep haze ten thousand glories beam;  
Thousands of radiant forms the sky illumine;

Oh! when to man was given such opening view of heaven,  
Chasing the dark, misty shades from the tomb:

Hark! how the Cherubim answer the Seraphim!  
"Glory to God in the highest," they sing:  
"Good will to men of earth!—Peace in a Saviour's birth!"

This glad message those holy ones bring,  
Come!—let us follow them—follow to Bethlehem;

See! in the manger the Holy one lies!  
Softly he slumbers now, round the Redeemer's brow,  
The ray of glory shines that never dies.

Beneath each shepherd's knee, before that majesty,  
Low bows each head to the infant—the God!  
All blessed be His name!—who for our comfort came,

Who for our sins bath touched the dark earth's sod!  
Well might the Magian watch when his star began  
To light with holy ray the eastern skies;

Well might they journey far, lit by that guiding star,  
'Till it bath led them where the Saviour lies;  
Emblem'd by them may we Thy onward guide-light see,

Luring our spirits with influence sweet,  
'Till by its holy ray doubt's night is chased away,  
And we may worship, like them, at Thy feet.

Sweet as the balmy air of Sharon's valleys fair,  
Ringing where roses bloom lowliest to sight;  
Pure as the crystal tide from Sion's Horeb's side;

Chasing the darkness—and lending the light:  
Thus shall Thy teachings be—Hope of eternity!  
Long we to know what Thy love shall impart:  
Even as David sighed for the well's water-tide, (6)

High we for waters that comfort the heart.  
From Sinai's hoary head—Tabor's green pyramids, (7)  
From every valley of Judah's blessed sod,  
Where Lebanon's cedars grow o'er Mizpeh's (8)

valley below,  
Let sounds of praise ascend—Glory to God!  
Yet, let not Palestine alone the praise assign:  
Throughout the Universe hosanna ring:  
From all to whom is given this greatest Gift of Heaven,

Jesus the Comforter—and Christ our King.  
Lord! once again we see Thy anniversary!  
Give us all hearts to feel the sacred time:  
Oh! give our spirits joy!—keep us from sin's alloy:

Guard us from evil thoughts—and deeds of crime;  
Teach us to follow Thee—forgive each enemy:  
Teach us humility, and how to pray:  
May all of human kind joy in Thy mercy find,  
And gladly turn to Thee—this Christmas day.

FRANK.

(1) Nazareth—"A fertile valley near Hebron, where Abraham dwelt."—Smith's *Scripture Geog.*  
(2) Appharites—"The Dead Sea—this lake is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim."—*Norw. Am. Geog. Mag.*, vol. 2.

(3) Jordan, a mountain of Judah—"These mountains abounding in olive, fig and other fruit trees, covering its slopes to the very summit."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.  
(4) Great Western Sea—"Denotes the Mediterranean, west of Canaan."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.  
(5) Magian—"There came wise men from the East."—*Matthew*, vol. 2, p. 107.  
(6) David's well—"And David longed, and said, oh! that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Beth-lehem."—*1 Samuel*, vol. 3, p. 30.  
(7) Mizpeh—"The Vale of Mizpeh, near the northern foot of Palestine."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.

(8) Tabor's green pyramids—"Six miles north of Nazareth stands the hill of Tabor, forming a pyramid of verdure."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.  
(9) Mizpeh—"The Vale of Mizpeh, near the northern foot of Palestine."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.

(10) Tabor's green pyramids—"Six miles north of Nazareth stands the hill of Tabor, forming a pyramid of verdure."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.  
(11) Mizpeh—"The Vale of Mizpeh, near the northern foot of Palestine."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.

(12) Tabor's green pyramids—"Six miles north of Nazareth stands the hill of Tabor, forming a pyramid of verdure."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.  
(13) Mizpeh—"The Vale of Mizpeh, near the northern foot of Palestine."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.

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(15) Mizpeh—"The Vale of Mizpeh, near the northern foot of Palestine."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.

(16) Tabor's green pyramids—"Six miles north of Nazareth stands the hill of Tabor, forming a pyramid of verdure."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.  
(17) Mizpeh—"The Vale of Mizpeh, near the northern foot of Palestine."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.

(18) Tabor's green pyramids—"Six miles north of Nazareth stands the hill of Tabor, forming a pyramid of verdure."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.  
(19) Mizpeh—"The Vale of Mizpeh, near the northern foot of Palestine."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.

(20) Tabor's green pyramids—"Six miles north of Nazareth stands the hill of Tabor, forming a pyramid of verdure."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.  
(21) Mizpeh—"The Vale of Mizpeh, near the northern foot of Palestine."—*Smith's Bible Geog.*, vol. 1, p. 107.

## THE WHITE POWDER;

## TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.

I had been away from England three years. In that time I had eaten oyster suppers in New York, polked at Saratoga, taken lonely and romantic walks at Niagara, caught delicious white fish in the translucent waters of Mackinaw, and shot a buffalo on the prairie of Nebraska. I might have dug for gold in California or Columbia, had I not been taken suddenly with a great and inexplicable longing to see again, the white cliffs, the green fields and hedges, and the quaint, pretty, and most comfortable villages of dear old England.

I can speak now of the reason of this long absence. My father, who had saved for me a small property, which he hoped I would increase, had educated me for the noble profession of the law. I was reading through my terms with the usual industry, and was not quite insensible to the blandishments of society, when it was my misfortune to fall in love. The expression seems to me an appropriate one.

Isabel Goodwin was certainly one of the most beautiful of those who are, in their own right, queens of society. To the fairest type of English beauty she added grace, accomplishments, and a boundless ambition. Without rank or wealth she held her place, and aspired to rival those who had both. I was dazzled by her beauty; I admired her queenly bearing; and I became her passionate worshipper.

She was fond of admiration. If I was sometimes grieved, jealous, and maddened at the encouragement she gave to one or another of the crowd that fluttered about her, and burned the incense of flattery to her charms, I still had a sort of pride in her attractiveness; and a tender look, a word of fondness, a sigh, or the soft pressure of her hand, would send me home intoxicated with delight. I believed myself to be the favored lover; the admiration she received was my triumph.

The best friend I had was Arthur Mellon. He was two years older than I; was in a good position in a Government office, with fair prospects of advancement, and some expectations beside. We were true friends. Arthur had saved my life when we were at school together. I lay cramped and paralyzed on the bottom of a deep pool in the river where we were bathing. We had been trying our skill with other boys in diving to see which could remain under the longest; so, when I had disappeared, and remained for a long period, no one was surprised. They waited to see my head shoot above the surface. I lay on the bottom sensible but powerless. I could see my comrades on the bank; I could even hear them talk. The sounds of their voices grew fainter and fainter, but I was not afraid. I knew that, as soon as they understood what was the matter, Arthur, if no other, would come and save me.

He was already dressing on the bank, when he exclaimed, "Where is Harry?" His voice sent a thrill to my heart, as I lay, paralyzed in every limb, drowning. In a moment more he had stripped off his clothes, and plunged into the pool. He was cool and cautious even in his haste to save me. He swam round, and took me by one of my ankles. I felt an impulse to grasp him, so strong that it might have given me the power; but with an effort of self-control, I did not even try to help myself. I was drawn into shallow water, and quickly taken out; and after a struggle, far more painful than the half-drowning had been, recovered.

Need I say that Arthur was, henceforth, more my friend than ever? In London he spent half his leisure hours in my chambers, or in the excursions we took together to the mountains or the sea. He had been away on public business when I first became acquainted with Isabel. I wrote to him about her, raved about her. I was impatient to have him see her at the earliest moment after his return. Not less had I told her of Arthur; and I had excited the expectations of both.

There was a party on the very night of his return to London, and I insisted that he should go, tired as he was with his journey from Dublin since morning, and be presented to her whom I now dared to call my Isabel. I saw, with a twinge of jealousy, which I felt to be inexpressible mean and contemptible, that Arthur and Isabel were much impressed with each other. They polked and waited together. How narrowly I watched them! Arthur was excited, brilliant, fascinating; Isabel danced as I had never seen her dance before, and showed in her nervous manner and heightened color, how much she was interested and flattered by his attentions.

Arthur congratulated me; but he was embarrassed. Isabel was far more self-possessed; she said he was a splendid fellow—she had no idea she should like him so well; and she did her best to blind me with her tenderness; but I had watched them with too jealous an eye not to see that my position was in danger.

Why go on with the miserable story? Isabel was, I cannot say false to me, for we were under no engagement. I see now that she would have dropped me at any moment for a more desirable party. I was her bird in hand; but she knew that there were better in the bush, and she threw me away the moment she felt sure of one of them.

It is true that Arthur was a better match than I. His position, already good, was assured for the future with the prospect of more than I was ever likely to gain by any eminence in my profession. He was my superior, also, as a society man; more ready, more brilliant and distinguished. I forgave Arthur; but I could not be a witness to his happiness. I could not forgive Isabel. A month before their marriage, I was on the steamer, bound for New York.

I heard from home sometimes during my absence. Arthur did not write. He would have been glad to have done so; but he could not intrude into the office of friendship upon the misery that had driven me to the wild solitudes beyond the Mississippi. A lady, who knew and pitied my sufferings, wrote to me. At first she said very little of Arthur and his wife. Then there came stories—idle gossip, I hoped—of indiscretions, jealousies, estrangements, and even of scandal. I could not believe that Isabel, false as she had been to me—heartless and worldly as I thought her—could ever be guilty of worse than vanity and ambition. Admiration was, no doubt, a necessary of life to her. She might annoy Arthur; but I could not believe that she could injure him more deeply. But the stories grew worse and worse; and I could not but confess that I had been saved from a greater misery than I had endured, and that, if Arthur had wronged me, he had been sufficiently punished. I confess also that I sometimes thought that, had Isabel not yielded to the temptations of ambition, and had married one she truly loved, all might have been well; but this was a momentary vanity. Arthur was a man to make any good woman happy. He would never have married Isabel had he not felt certain that her heart was irretrievably his own. He could not rob me of what I did not possess.

Suddenly I was taken, as I have said, with a great longing to return to England. It did not seem a home-sickness, such as attacks the Swiss in foreign lands. The English, love home as they may, can stay away from it. They have the power of colonizing the world, and may yet cover it all over with their conquering races. But I felt in a hurry to return. I took the shortest route; first to St. Paul's, on the Upper Mississippi; then down the river, to the first line of railway which would take me to the Atlantic. I looked for the fastest boat and the most rapid train. I made no stop in strange cities. My curiosity to see American life was gone, and I dashed along the southern shore of the great Lakes, and through the mountains to New York, just in time to embark on one of the fleetest steamers of the Cunard line, which, in less than ten days, landed me safely in Liverpool.

With the same feeling of hurry I took the first express-train to London, and did not lose an hour before driving to Brompton and calling on the lady, a distant relative and old friend, who had been my correspondent.

When my name was announced, she sprang towards me, kissed my cheek, and exclaimed: "Then you got my letter?"

"No; I have had no letter from you for months. I have been away in the wilderness, where they could not reach me; and I did not stop for them on my way. But what is it? Has anything happened?"

"You have not heard about poor Arthur?"

"Not a word. Isabel has not run off with a Russian prince?"

"Oh, worse than that—that is—but no matter. Harry, Isabel is dead."

I felt the blood settle back upon my heart—my eyes were dim—the room turned round. I believe I should have fallen, had not my friend helped me to the sofa. I am not a woman to faint away; but the shock was sudden, and it hurt me more than I should have thought it could. A glass of wine was brought, and I was myself again.

"Poor Arthur!" said I; "how does he bear it?"

"Poor Arthur! Indeed! You may well say, poor Arthur! What has not that woman made him suffer? And now he is charged with her murder."

"Murder? She died suddenly, with symptoms of poison. There was an inquest, and the chemist who examined the body discovered arsenic. They proved that Arthur had often quarrelled with her, and was jealous. Well he might be, poor fellow! Some-how he had bought arsenic just before her death. They found some in his desk. When she was first taken ill, he insisted on nursing her. He was devoted to her, in spite of his jealousy and annoyances. Everything told against him, and he was committed to Newgate, and is to be tried for his life."

I need not say that, at the earliest moment when it was possible to get admission, I hastened to Newgate. I found Arthur, pale and sad enough, but resigned to his fate. He fell upon my bosom. We were boys again. The past, that had sent its black cloud between us, was gone. We were clasped in each other's arms, as in the lighter griefs of our boyhood. All jealousies, all hard feelings, had vanished from my mind. My noble Arthur was in trouble—ay, in peril—and I had come to save him. So it seemed at the moment. That he was as innocent as I myself of the hideous crime with which he was charged, I could not doubt for a moment.

He told me all—the little that he knew. He spoke carefully, and even tenderly, of the dead.

"I know you have forgiven me, Harry," he said; "so I do not ask it. I thought I was doing right. We are all egotists in our affections. I have been greatly tried."

"How was it, Arthur?" I asked, "that you were charged to have poisoned her?"

"It was left there, with other chemicals, by my predecessor, who amused himself with chemical experiments. When I took the desk, I allowed it to remain, with some vague idea that it might be useful some time to kill the rats or other vermin."

"Well, we will get this fellow, and prove that he left it."

"He went to India, and died there a year after."

That hope was gone; but I did not despair. "Who are the witnesses against you?" I asked.

"Only the servants, poor things! They testified to what they had seen and heard. My temper is not so good as it was, and—ah—was sometimes very trying. When she became ill, I reproached myself, and wished to do all I could for her. Her maid was new, and unused to her ways, and I took care of her. The woman, perhaps, did not like my interference. The fact, at any rate, made a strong impression against me."

"The maid was new; how long had she been with you?"

"Only a month. Her old mistress, Norah, went home to Ireland to be married, and has gone with her husband, I suppose, to America."

"Had she—had Isabel ever given you any reason to fear that she would kill herself?"

"No; assuredly not. She enjoyed the pleasures of existence too keenly. I am sure that she was never purposely the cause of her own death."

I sifted the ground all over. There was no clue anywhere, and the only hope I saw was in finding Norah. But what could she, who had been a month away, know about the death of her mistress? The lawyers engaged for the defence could see no use in her testimony, except to prove, what everybody knew, that Arthur was very much attached to her mistress, and sometimes jealous and irritable. Was it likely that she could prove anything more? Besides, she was probably on the Atlantic.

Not a moment was to be lost. The trial would come on in a week; and little as others hoped from Norah's evidence, I determined that, if still in the country, she should come and testify, at least, to her master's kindness and love of her late mistress.

But Arthur had not got Norah's address. He did not even know, or could not remember, her surname.

"Give it up, my dear fellow," said he; "it is of no use. What good can Norah be, if you could find her? She has gone by this time."

But I would not give it up. I clung desperately to the idea of this Irish girl—because, perhaps, there was nothing else to cling to. I set off for the Catholic chapel nearest Arthur's residence. I found the priest, and, after thinking a moment, he remembered Norah. He took me into the chapel, and there, on one of the best seats, was still a little card inscribed with the name of Norah O'Regan. I copied the name in my notebook.

"Can your reverence tell me where she lived in Ireland?" said I.

"Indeed, I cannot," said he; "but I remember now writing a letter for her to send to some relatives of hers at Ennisconry, county Wexford."

Here was a clue; and a few hours more saw me dashing along the North-Western Railway, through Rugby, the Trent valley, and Chester, and so along the feet of the Welsh mountains, and across the Menai Straits to Holyhead, and thence by steamer to Kingstown. Here, too much in haste to make the proper inquiries, I took the railway to Rathdrum, and so missed the stage-coach at Wicklow. But I lost no time. A jaunting car took me down the sweet vale of Avoca, and I was soon in Ennisconry.

The parish priest was my first resource. He knew the O'Regans, of course, and went with me to find them. They lived in a respectable mud-walled cottage, with a roof of thatch and a floor of clay; and the pig very politely stepped out of the doorway as soon as he saw his reverence coming, and allowed us to enter.

They knew Norah, God bless her! Waa'n't she their own cousin? hadn't she sent them money, when the times were hard, to pay the rent? and hadn't she been married to Dennis Magrath?

"And where is Dennis Magrath?" I asked anxiously.

"Is it where he is? It's far out on the salt sea he'll be by this time," said the woman.

"Are you sure they have gone?" his reverence asked.

"Sure I am they talked of going; for I heard it from Ellen Rooney, an' she was over to Kilkenny, and danced at the wedding."

"Then Norah was married at Kilkenny; and if she has gone, they started from there?" said I.

The woman looked at the priest, and on receiving a reassuring nod, assented. There was nothing to do but to go to Kilkenny. The hours were speeding, and there was no railway to annihilate time or space. A jaunting-car, with a fleet horse, at an extra price, was the only resource; and I was on the road again. A few hours of hard posting with frequent change of horses, took me in sight of the old round tower, the venerable cathedral, and the historic castle of Kilkenny, and the humble home of the Magraths.

Norah had gone. Five days before, she had left with her husband for Liverpool, to sail from there to America. Should I be foiled at last? Her friends believed that she was "far away on the billow." I knew that packet ships did not always sail on the appointed day, and that, even when the winds were fair, they would lay over a day or two for more freight or passengers.

But I had gained one more clue, which might be of service. Norah's ship was the packet *Emerald*, of New York. I could find by the papers if she had sailed. I took the first train to Dublin, and the night steamer to Liverpool. The route via Holyhead would have been a shorter one; but the Liverpool boat would arrive before the packet sailed, if she was still in port. I wanted also a few hours sleep.

We were twenty miles or so from the mouth of the Mersey, when I saw a large ship coming towards us.

"Captain," said I to the commander of our pig-laden steamer, "can you tell me what ship that is?"

"Yankee packet ship, sir," said he curtly. "Do you happen to know what ship it is?" I asked eagerly.

"No, sir. Can't say I do. No time to keep the run of all the ships that come out of Liverpool. You can take my glass, sir, and when she gets a little nearer you can see her name for yourself."

I took the proffered glass, and in fifteen minutes more I saw, full glittering on her prow, from which the port-signs had not yet been removed, the name: "EMERALD, OF NEW YORK."

I rushed to the skipper, and said, "Captain, I must see a person on that ship. Will you run alongside of her?"

"The maid was new; how long had she been with you?"

"Only a month. Her old mistress, Norah, went home to Ireland to be married, and has gone with her husband, I suppose, to America."

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I



## LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun at morning,  
Away to the garden he hies,  
To see if the daisy blossoms  
Have begun to open their eyes.  
Running a race with the wind,  
With a step as light and fleet,  
Under my window I hear  
The patter of little feet.

The child is our "speaking picture,"  
A birdling that chatters and sings,  
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—  
(Our other one has wings).  
His heart is a charmed casket,  
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,  
And no harp-strings hold such music  
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens  
The highway by angels trod,  
And seems to unbar the city  
Whose Builder and Maker is God,  
Close to the crystal portal,  
I see by the gates of pearl  
The eyes of our other angel—  
A twin born little girl.

And, lo! the light and directed  
To guide the footsteps right,  
So that I be accounted worthy  
To walk in sandals of light,  
And hear amid songs of welcome  
From messengers trusty and fleet,  
On the starry floor of heaven  
The patter of little feet.

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHAMBERLAIN," "EAST  
LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIR,"  
"A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the  
year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's  
Office of the District Court for the Eastern Dis-  
trict of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER LI.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

Deborah and Amilly West were sitting  
over the fire in the growing dusk of a win-  
ter evening. Their sewing lay on the  
table: some home dresses they were making  
for themselves, for they had never too much  
superfluous cash for dress-makers, with-  
out fashionable patterns and fashionable prices.  
It had grown too dark to work, and they had  
turned to the fire for a chat, before the  
and lights came in.

"I tell you, Amilly, it is of no use playing  
at concealment, or trying to suppress the  
truth," Deborah was saying. "She is as sure  
going as that the other two went; as sure  
as sure can be. I have always felt that she  
would go. Mr. Lionel was talking to me  
only yesterday. He was not satisfied with  
his brother; at least, he thought it as well to  
act as though he were not satisfied with him;  
and he was about to ask Dr. Hayes—"

Her voice died away. Master Cheese had  
come in with a doleful face.

"Miss Deb, I've sent up to Deersham Hall.  
There's a bothering note come from Miss  
Hauteley to Jan, about one of the servants,  
and, he says, I am to go up and see what it  
is."

"Well?" returned Miss Deb, wondering  
why Master Cheese should come in to give  
the information to her. "You couldn't expect  
Mr. Jan to go up, after being out all day, as  
he has."

"Folks are sure to go and fall ill at the  
most untoward hour of the twenty-four,"  
grumbled Master Cheese. "I was just look-  
ing for a good tea. I feel as empty as pos-  
sible, after my short dinner. I wish—"

"Short dinner!" echoed Miss Deb in amazement,  
at least it would have been an amazement,  
but that she was accustomed to these  
little episodes from the young gentleman.  
"We had a beautiful piece of roast beef;  
and I'm sure you eat as much as you choose!"

"There was no pudding or pie," resent-  
fully retorted Master Cheese. "I have felt  
all the afternoon just as if I should sink;  
and I couldn't get out to buy anything for  
myself, because Jan never came in, and the  
boy stopped out. I wish, Miss Deb, you'd give  
me a thick piece of bread-and-jam, as I have  
got to go off without my tea."

"The fact is, Master Cheese, you have the  
jam so often, in one way or another, that  
there's very little left. It will not last the  
season out."

"The green gooseberries 'll be coming on,  
Miss Deb," was Master Cheese's insinuating  
reply. "And there's always apples, you  
know. With plenty of lemon and a clove  
or two, apples make as good a pudding as  
anything else."

Miss Deb, always good natured, went to  
get him what he had asked for, and Master  
Cheese took his seat in front of the fire, and  
toasted his toes.

"There was a great mistake made when  
you were put to a surgeon," said Miss Amilly,  
laughing. "You should have gone appren-  
tice to a pastrycook."

"She's a regular fidgety old woman, that  
Miss Hauteley," broke out Master Cheese with  
temper, passing over Miss Amilly's remark.  
"It's not two months yet that she has been  
at the Hall, and she has had one or the other  
of us up six times at least. I wonder what  
business she had to come to it? The Hall  
couldn't have run away before Sir Edmund  
came home."

Mr. Deb came back with the bread-and-  
jam; and thick slice, as the gentleman had  
requested. To look at him eating, one would  
think he had had nothing for a week. It  
disappeared in no time, and Master Cheese  
went out rubbing his fingers and his lips.  
Deborah West sat up the work, and put  
things straight in the room. Then she sat  
down again, leaning her chair to the side of  
the fire.

"I do think that Cheese has got a wolf in  
side him," cried Amilly with a laugh.  
"He is a great gourmand. He said this  
morning—" began Miss Deb, and then she  
stopped.

Finding what she was about to say thus  
brought to an abrupt conclusion, Amilly  
West looked at her sister. Miss Deb's atten-  
tion was riveted on the room-door. Her  
mouth was open, her eyes seemed starting  
from her head with a fixed stare, and her  
countenance was turning white. Amilly  
turned her eyes hastily to the same direction,  
and saw a dark, obscure form filling up the  
door-way.

Not obscure for long. Amilly, more im-  
pulsive than her sister, rose up with a shriek,  
and then darted forward with outstretched  
arms of welcome. Deborah went forward  
stretching out hers.

"My dear father!"  
It was no other than Dr. West. He gave  
them each a cool kiss, walked to the fire and  
sat down, bidding them not smother him.  
For some little while they could not over-  
get their surprise or believe their senses. They  
knew nothing of his intention to return, and  
had deemed him hundreds of miles away.  
Question after question they showered down  
upon him, the result of their amazement.  
He answered just as much as he chose. He  
had only come home for a day or so, he said,  
and did not care that it should be known he  
was there, to be tormented with a shoal of  
callers.

"Where's Mr. Jan?" asked he.  
"In the surgery," said Deborah.  
"Is he by himself?"

"Yes, dear papa. Master Cheese has just  
gone up to Deersham Hall, and the boy is out."

Dr. West rose, and made his way to the  
surgery. The surgery was empty. But the  
light of a fire from the half-opened door, led  
him to Jan's bed-room. It was a room that  
would persist in remaining obstinately damp,  
and Jan, albeit not over careful of himself,  
judged it well to have an occasional fire  
lighted. The room, seen by this light, looked  
comfortable. The small, low, iron bed stood  
in the far corner: in the opposite corner, the  
bureau, as it had in Dr. West's time, the door  
opening to the garden (never used now) be-  
tween them, at the end of the room. The  
window was on the side opposite the fire,  
a table in the middle. Jan was then occu-  
pied in stirring the fire into a blaze, and its  
cheerful light flickered on every part of the  
room.

"Good-evening, Mr. Jan."  
Jan turned round, poker in hand, and  
stared amiably.

"Law!" cried he. "Who'd have thought  
it?"

The old word; the word he had learnt at  
school—law. It was Jan's favorite mode of  
expressing surprise still, and Lady Verner  
never could break him of it. He shook hands  
cordially with Dr. West.

The doctor shut the door, slipping the bolt,  
and sat down to the fire. Jan cleared a space  
on the table, which was covered with jars  
and glass vases, cylinders, and other appa-  
ratus, seemingly for chemical purposes, and  
took his seat there.

The doctor had taken a run home, "mak-  
ing a morning call, as it might be metapho-  
rally observed," he said to Jan. Just to have  
sight of home faces, and hear a little home  
news. Would Mr. Jan recite to him some-  
thing of the latter?

Jan did so: touching upon all he could re-  
collect. From John Massingbird's return to  
Verner's Pride, and the consequent turning  
of Mr. Verner and his wife, down to the  
death of Sir Rufus Hauteley: not forgetting  
the pranks played by the "ghost," and the  
false expedition of Mrs. Peckaby to New  
Jerusalem. Some of these items of intelli-  
gence the doctor had heard before, for Jan  
periodically wrote to him. The doctor looked  
tired, and stouter, and redder than ever, and  
as he listened thoughtfully forward, and the  
crimson blaze played upon his face, Jan  
thought how like he was growing to his sister,  
these Mrs. Verner.

"Jan," said the doctor, "it is not right  
that my nephew, John Massingbird, should  
enjoy Verner's Pride."

"Course it's not," answered Jan. "Only  
this don't go by rights always, you know.  
It's seldom they do."

"I ought to give it up to Mr. Verner."

"I told him," said Jan. "I should, in  
his case."

"Did he say?"

"He laughed at me, and called me  
green."

Dr. West sat thoughtfully pulling his great  
dark slippers. Dark as they were, they had  
yet a glint of red in the fire-light.

"It's a curious thing; a very curious  
thing, at both brothers should die, as was  
supposed, in Australia," said Jan. "Better—  
as this has turned out—that Fred should  
have died up afterwards, than John."

"I do know that," spoke Jan, with his  
accustomed truth telling freedom. "The pair  
were needed for much, but John was the  
best of us."

"I was thinking of Sibylla," candidly ad-  
mitted the doctor. "It would have been bet-  
ter for her."

Jan opened his eyes considerably.

"Better her!—for it turns out that she  
had two sons living? That's logic, that is."

"Dear me, be sure!" cried the doctor.  
"I was thinking of that phase of the  
affair, Mr. Jan. Is she in spirits?"

"Who? Sibylla? She's fretting herself  
into her grave."

Dr. West used his head with a start.

"What! The loss of Verner's Pride?"

"Well, I know," said Jan, ever plain  
spoken. "Sibylla's me. When she was  
at Verner's, she never seemed satis-  
fied: she was actually hankering after ex-  
citement and a scene to care for Lionel or  
for anybody else, and kept the house full of  
people from top to bottom. She has a rest-  
less, dissatisfied temper, and it keeps her  
in the worry. For with such tempers know

no peace, and let nobody else know any,  
that's about them. A nice life she leads  
Lionel! Not that he'd drop a hint of it.  
He'd cut out his tongue before he'd speak a  
word against his wife: he'd rather make her  
out to be an angel."

"Are they pretty comfortably off for mo-  
ney?" inquired Dr. West, after a pause. "I  
suppose Mr. Verner must have managed to  
feather his nest a little, before leaving?"

"Not a bit of it," returned Jan. "He was  
over head and ears in debt. Sibylla helped  
him to a good portion of it. She went the  
pace. John Massingbird waived the question  
of the money profits, or Lionel would be in  
worse embarrassment than he is."

Dr. West looked crestfallen.

"What do they live on?" he asked. "Does  
Lady Verner keep them? She can't have too  
much for herself now."

"Oh! it's managed somehow," said Jan.

Dr. West sat for some time in ruminating  
silence, pulling his whiskers as before, run-  
ning his hands through his hair, the large  
clear blue sapphire ring, which he always  
wore on his finger conspicuous. Jan swayed  
his legs about, and waited to afford any fur-  
ther information. Presently the doctor turned  
to him a charming expression of open con-  
fidence on his countenance.

"Mr. Jan, I am in great hopes that you  
will do me a little favor. I have temporary  
need for a trifle of pecuniary aid—some  
slight debts which have grown upon me  
abroad," he added, carelessly, with a short  
cough—and, knowing your good heart, I  
have resolved to apply to you. If you can  
oblige me with a couple of hundred pounds  
or so, I'll give you my acknowledgment, and  
return it punctually as soon as I am able."

"I'd let you have it with all the pleasure  
in life, if I had got it," heartily replied Jan.  
"But I have not."

"My dear Mr. Jan! Not got it! You  
must have quite a nice little nest of savings  
laid by in the bank, surely! I know you  
never spend a shilling on yourself."  
"All I had in the bank and what I have  
drawn since has been handed over to my  
mother. I wanted Lionel and Sibylla to  
come here: I and Miss Deb arranged it all;  
and in that case I should have given the  
money to Miss Deb. But Sibylla refused:  
she would not come here, she would not  
go anywhere but to Lady Verner's. So I  
handed the money to my mother."

The confession appeared to put the doctor  
out considerably.

"How very imprudent, Mr. Jan! To give  
away all you possessed, leaving nothing for  
yourself! I never heard of such a thing!"

"Lionel and his wife were turned out of  
everything, and had nobody to look to. I  
don't see that I could have put the money to  
better use," stoutly returned Jan. "It was  
not much. There's such a lot of the Clay  
Lane folks always wanting things when they  
are ill. And Miss Deb, she had had a little.  
You keep her so short, doctor."

"But you pay her the sum that was agreed  
upon for housekeeping?" said Dr. West.

"What should hinder me?" returned Jan.  
"She can't make both ends meet, she says,  
and then she has to come to me. I'm will-  
ing: only I can't give money away and put  
it by, you see."

Dr. West probably did see it. He saw, be-  
yond doubt, that all hope of ready money  
from easy Jan was gone—from the simple  
fact that Jan's coffers were just now empty.  
The fact did not afford him satisfaction.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Jan," said he,  
brightening up, "you shall give me your sig-  
nature to a little bill—a bill at two months,  
let us say. It will be the same as money."

"Can't," said Jan.

"You can't?" replied Dr. West.

"No!" said Jan, resolutely. "I'd give  
away all I had in hand to give, and welcome;  
but I'd never sign bills. A doctor has no  
business with 'em. Don't you remember  
what they did for Jones at Bartholomew's?"

"I don't remember Jones at Bartholomew's,"  
frigidly returned the doctor.

"No! Why, what's gone with your mem-  
ory?" innocently asked Jan. "If you  
think a bit, you'll recollect about him, and  
what his end was. Bills did it; the signing  
of bills to oblige some friend. I'll never sign  
a bill, doctor. I wouldn't do it for my own  
mother."

Thus the doctor's expectations were put at  
a final end to, so far as Jan went—and very  
certain expectations they had, no doubt.  
Even as to Jan, a thought may have crossed  
him that the doctor and his daughter Sibylla  
appeared to have the same propensity for  
getting out of money. Dr. West recovered  
his equanimity, and magnanimously waived  
away the affair as a trifle not worth dwell-  
ing on.

"How does Cheese get on?" he asked.

"First-rate—in the eating line," replied  
Jan.

"Have you got him out of his idleness  
yet?"

"It would take a clever man than I to do  
that, doctor. It's constitutional. When  
he goes up to London, in the autumn, I shall  
take an assistant, unless you should be coming  
home yourself."

"I have no intention of it at present, Mr.  
Jan. Am I to understand you that Sibylla  
has serious symptoms of disease?"

"There's no doubt of it," said Jan. "You  
always prophesied it for her, you know.  
When she was at Verner's Pride she was  
continually ailing: not a week passed but I  
was called to attend her. She was so im-  
prudent, too—she would be. Going out and  
getting her feet wet; sitting up half the night.  
We tried to bring her to reason; but it was  
of no use. She defied Lionel; she would  
not listen to me—as good speak to a post."

"Why should she defy her husband? Are  
they on bad terms?"

"They are on as good terms as any man  
and wife could ever be, Sibylla being the  
wife," was Jan's rejoinder. "You know  
something of her temper and disposition,  
doctor—it is of no use to mince matters—you  
remember how it had used to be with her here  
at home. Lionel's a husband in a thousand,

How he can possibly put up with her, and  
be always patient and kind, pleases me more  
than any problem ever did in Euclid. If  
Fred had lived—why, he'd have broken her  
spirit or her heart, long before this."

Dr. West rose and stretched himself. The  
fallings of Sibylla were not a pleasant topic,  
thus openly spoken of by Jan, but none  
knew better than the doctor how true were  
the grounds on which he spoke. None  
knew better, either, that disease for her was  
to be feared.

"Her sisters went off about this age, or a  
little later," he said musingly. "I could not  
save them."

"And Sibylla's as surely going after them,  
doctor, as that I am here," returned Jan.  
"Lionel intends to call in Dr. Hayes to her."

"Since when has she been so ill?"

"Not since any time in particular. There  
appears to be no real illness yet: only symp-  
toms. She coughs, and gets as thin as a  
skeleton. Sometimes I think if she could  
keep up a cheerful temper, she'd keep well.  
You will see what you think of her."

The doctor walked towards the bureau at  
the far corner.

"Have you ever opened it, Mr. Jan?"

"It's not likely," said Jan. "Didn't you  
tell me not to? Your own papers are in it,  
and you hold the key."

"It's not inconvenient to your room, my  
retaining it, is it?" asked the doctor. "I  
don't know where else I should put my  
papers."

"Not a bit of it," said Jan. "Have an-  
other in here as well, if you like. It's safe  
here."

"Do you know, Mr. Jan, I feel as if I'd  
rather sleep in your little bed to-night than in  
mine," said the doctor, looking at Jan's bed.  
"The room seems like an old friend to me: I  
feel at home in it."

"Sleep in it, if you like," returned Jan, in  
his easy good-nature. "Miss Deb can put  
me into some room or other. I say, doctor,  
it's past tea-time. Wouldn't you like some  
refreshment?"

"I had a good dinner on my road," re-  
plied Dr. West: which Jan might have  
guessed, for Dr. West was quite sure to take  
care of himself. "We will go in, if you  
like; Deb and Amilly will wonder what  
has become of me. How old they begin to  
look!"

"I don't suppose any of us look younger,"  
answered Jan.

They went into the house. Deborah and  
Amilly were in a flutter of hospitality, lad-  
ling the tea-table with good things that it would  
have gladdened Master Cheese's heart to see.  
They had been up-stairs to smooth out their  
curls, to put on clean, white sleeves and col-  
lars, a gold chain and such-like little addi-  
tions, settling themselves off as they were  
now setting off the tea-table, all in their affec-  
tionate welcome to their father. And Dr.  
West who liked eating as well as ever did  
Master Cheese, surveyed the table with com-  
placency as he sat down to it, ignoring the  
dinner he had spoken of to Jan. Amilly sat  
by him, heaping his plate with what he liked  
best, and Deborah made the tea.

"I have been observing to Mr. Jan that  
you are beginning to look very old, Deb," re-  
marked the doctor. "Amilly also."

It was a cruel shaft. A bitter return for  
their loving welcome. Perhaps they were  
looking older, but he need not have said it so  
point blank, and before Jan. They turned  
crimson, poor ladies, and bent to sip their  
tea, and tried to turn the words off with a  
laugh, and did not know where to look. In  
true innate delicacy of feeling, Dr. West and  
his daughter, Sibylla, rivalled each other.

The meal over, the doctor proposed to pay  
a visit to Deersham Court, and did so, Jan  
walking with him, first of all mentioning to  
Deborah the wish expressed by Dr. West  
as to occupying Jan's room for the night,  
that she might see the arrangement carried  
out.

Which she did. And Jan, at the retiring  
hour—though this is a little anticipating, for  
the evening is not yet over—escorted the  
doctor to the door of the room, and wished  
him a good night's rest, never imagining but  
what he enjoyed one. But had fire, or any  
other accident, burst open the room to pub-  
lic gaze in the lone night hours, Dr. West  
would have been seen at work, instead of  
asleep. Every drawer of the bureau was out,  
every paper it contained was misplaced. The  
doctor was evidently searching for something,  
as sedulously as he had once searched for that  
lost prescription, which at the time appeared  
so much to disturb his peace.

## CHAPTER LII.

AN EVENING AT LADY VERNER'S.

In the well-lighted drawing-room at Deersham  
Court was its mistress, Lady Verner. Seated  
with her on the same sofa was her son,  
Lionel. Decima, at a little distance, was  
standing, talking to Lord Garle, Lucy Tem-  
pest sat at the table, cutting the leaves of a  
new book, and Sibylla was bending over the  
fire in a shivering attitude, as if she could not  
get enough of its heat. Lord Garle had been  
dining with them.

The door opened, and Jan entered.

"I have brought you a visitor, Sibylla,"  
said he, in his unceremonious fashion, with-  
out any sort of greeting to anybody. "Come  
in, doctor."

It caused quite a confusion, the entrance of  
Dr. West. All were surprised. Lionel rose,  
Lucy rose; Lord Garle and Decima came  
forward, and Sibylla sprang towards him  
with a cry. Lady Verner was the only one  
who retained entire calmness.

"Papa! it cannot be you! When did you  
come?"

Dr. West kissed her, and turned to Lady  
Verner with some courtly words. Dr. West  
was an adept at such. Not the courtly words  
that spring genuinely from a kindly and re-  
fined nature; but those that are put on to  
hide a false one. All people, true-hearted  
ones, too, cannot distinguish between them;

the false and the real. Next, the doctor  
grasped the hand of Lionel.

"My son-in-law!" he exclaimed, in a very  
demonstrative manner. "The last time you  
and I had the pleasure of meeting, Mr. Ver-  
ner, we little anticipated that such a relation-  
ship would ensue. I rejoice to welcome you  
in it, my dear sir."

"True," said Lionel, with a quiet smile.  
"Coming events do not always cast their  
shadows before."

With Decima, with Lord Garle, with Lucy  
Tempest, the doctor severally shook hands;  
he had a phrase of civility for all.

"I should not have known you," he said to  
the latter.

"No?" returned Lucy. "Why?"

"You have grown, Miss Tempest. Grown  
much."

"Then I must have been very short be-  
fore," said Lucy. "I am not tall now."

"You have grown into remarkable beauty,"  
added the doctor.

Whether Lucy had grown into beauty or  
not, she did not like being told of it. And  
she did not like Dr. West. She had not been  
in love with him ever, as you may recollect;  
but she seemed to like him now, as he stood  
before her, less and less. Drawing away  
from him when she could do so civilly, she  
went up and talked to Jan.

A little while, and they had become more  
settled, dispersing into groups. The doctor,  
his daughter, and Lionel were sitting on a  
couch apart, conversing in an undertone;  
the rest disposed themselves as they would.  
Dr. West had accepted a cup of coffee. He  
kept it in his hand, sipping it now and then,  
and slowly ate a biscuit.

"Mr. Jan tells me Sibylla is not very  
strong," he observed, addressing both of  
them, but more particularly Lionel.

"Not very," replied Lionel. "The cold  
weather of this winter has tried her; has  
given her a cough. She will be better, I hope,  
when it comes in warm."

"How do you feel, my dear?" inquired the  
doctor, apparently looking at his coffee-cup  
instead of Sibylla. "Weak here?"—touching  
his chest.

"Not more weak than I had used to be,"  
she answered, in a cross tone, as if the con-  
fession that she did feel weak was not  
pleasant to her. "There's nothing the mat-  
ter with me, papa; only Lionel makes a  
fuss."

"Nay, Sibylla," interposed Lionel, good-  
humoredly, "I leave that to you and Jan."

"You would like to make papa believe you  
don't make a fuss!" she cried, in a most re-  
sentful tone. "When you know, not two  
days ago, you wanted to prevent my going to  
the party at Mrs. Bitterworth's?"

"I plead guilty to that," said Lionel. "It  
was a most inclement night, a cold, raw fog  
that penetrated everywhere, carriages and  
else, and I wished you not to venture out in  
it. The doing so increased your cough."

"Mr. Verner was right," said Dr. West.  
"Night fogs are pernicious to a degree, where  
the chest and lungs are delicate. You should  
not stir out of the house, Sibylla, after sun-  
set. Now don't interrupt, my dear. Let the  
carriage be ever so closely shut, it makes no  
difference. There is the change of atmos-  
phere from the warm room to the cold car-  
riage; there are the draughts of air in passing  
to it. You must not do it, Sibylla."

"Do you mean to say, papa, that I am to  
live like a hermit—never to go out?" she re-  
turned, her bosom heaving with vexation.  
"It is not much visiting that I have had,  
goodness knows, since quitting Verner's  
Pride; if I am to give it all up, you may as  
well put me out of the world. As good be  
dead!"

"Sibylla," said the doctor, more impres-  
sively than he often spoke, "I know your  
constitution, and I know pretty well what  
you can and what you cannot bear. Don't  
attempt to stir out after sunset again. Should  
you get stronger it will be a different matter.  
At present it must not be. Will you remem-  
ber this, Mr. Verner?"

"If my wife will allow me to remember  
it," he said, bending to Sibylla with a kindly  
tone. "My will was good to keep her in all  
this winter; but she would not be kept."

"What has Jan been telling you about  
me, papa? It is a shame of him! I am not  
ill."

"Mr. Jan has told me very little indeed of  
your ailments," replied Dr. West. "He says  
you are not strong; he says you are fretful,  
irritable. My dear, this arises from your  
state of health."



"Well, you know, Jan, it's a good mile and a half to Plover's, and I had to go to the other place without my tea," remonstrated Master Chosen.

"I dare say Miss Deb has given you your tea since you came home."

"But it's not like having it at the usual hour. And I couldn't finish it in comfort when this message came."

"Be off back and finish it now, then," said Jan. And the young gentleman departed with alacrity.

Returning to the drawing room, Jan told them that he was called out. Lionel had remonstrated with Sibylla and Dr. West. Jan departed, and later in the evening, as he did not return, Lionel walked home with the doctor.

"What do you think of Sibylla?" was his first question, before they had well quitted the gates.

"My opinion is not a favorable one, so far as I can judge at present," replied Dr. West. "She is not to be crossed, Mr. Verner."

"Heaven is my witness that she is not crossed by me, Dr. West," was the reply of Lionel, given more earnestly than the occasion seemed to call for. "From the hour I married her, my whole life has been spent in striving to shield her from crosses, so far as lies in the power of man; to cherish her in all care and tenderness. There are few husbands would bear with her—her peculiarities—as I have borne; as I will still bear. I say this to you, her father; I would say it to no one else. My chief regret, at the wrenching from me of Verner's Pride, is for Sibylla's sake."

"My dear sir, I honestly believe you. I know what Sibylla was at home, fruitful, wayward, and restless; and those tendencies are not likely to be lessened, now disease has shown itself. I always feared it was in her constitution; that, in spite of all our care, she would follow her sisters. They fell off and died, you may remember, when they seemed most blooming. People talked freely—as I understood at the time—about my allowing her to suddenly marry Frederick Masingbird; but my course was dictated by one sole motive—that it would give her the benefit of a sea voyage, which might prove invaluable to her constitution."

Lionel believed just as much of this as he liked. Dr. West was his wife's father, and, as such, he deferred to him. He remembered what had been told him by Sibylla; and he remembered the promise he had given her.

"It's a shocking pity that you are turned from Verner's Pride," resumed the doctor.

"It is. But there's no help for it."

"Does Sibylla grieve after it very much? Has it any real effect, think you, upon her health—as she seemed to intimate?"

"She grieves, no doubt. She keeps up the grief, if you can understand it, Dr. West. Not a day passes, but she breaks into lamentations over the loss, complaining loudly and bitterly. Whether her health would not equally have failed at Verner's Pride, I am unable to say. I think it would."

"John Masingbird, under the circumstances, ought to give it up to you. It is rightfully yours. Sibylla's life—and she is his own cousin—may depend upon it; he ought not to keep it. But for the loss of the codicil, he would never have come to it."

"Of course he could not," assented Lionel. "It is that loss which has upset everything."

Dr. West fell into silence, and continued in it until his house was in view. Then he spoke again.

"What will you undertake to give me, Mr. Verner, if I can bring John Masingbird to hear reason, and re-establish you at Verner's Pride?"

"Not anything," answered Lionel. "Verner's Pride is John Masingbird's according to the law; therefore it cannot be mine. Neither would he resign it."

"I wonder whether it could be done by stratagem," mused Dr. West. "Could we persuade him that the codicil has turned up, or something of that? It would be very desirable for Sibylla."

"If I go back to Verner's Pride at all, sir, I go back by right; neither by purchase nor by stratagem," was the reply of Lionel. "Rely upon it, things set about in an underhand manner never prosper."

"I might get John Masingbird to give it up to you," continued the doctor, nodding his head thoughtfully, as if he had some scheme about in it. "I might get him to resign it to you, rents, and residence and all, and betake himself off. You would give me a per centage?"

"Were John Masingbird to offer such to me to-morrow, of his own free will, I should decline it," forcibly returned Lionel. "I have suffered too much from Verner's Pride ever to take possession of it again, except by indisputable right—a right in which I cannot be disturbed. Twice have I been turned from it, you know, sir. And the turning out has cost me more than the world deemed."

"But surely you would go back to it if you could, for Sibylla's sake?"

"Were I a rich man, able to rent Verner's Pride from John Masingbird, I might ask him to let it me, if it would gratify Sibylla. But to return there as its master, on sufferance, liable to be expelled again at any moment—never! John Masingbird holds the right to Verner's Pride, and he will exercise it, for me."

"Then you will not accept my offer—to try and get you back again; and to make me a substantial honorarium if I do it?"

"I do not understand you, Dr. West. The question cannot arise."

"If I make it arise; and carry it out?"

"I beg your pardon—No."

It was an emphatic denial, and Dr. West may have felt himself foiled, as he had been foiled by Jan's confession of empty pockets, earlier in the evening.

"Nevertheless," observed he equably, as he shook hands with Lionel, before entering his own home, "I shall see John Masingbird to-morrow, and urge the hardship of the case upon him."

It was probably with that view that Dr. West proceeded early on the following morning to Verner's Pride, after his night of search, instead of sleep, astonishing John Masingbird not a little. That gentleman was enjoying himself in a comfortable sort of way in his bedroom. A substantial breakfast was laid out on a table by the bedside, while he, not risen, smoked a pipe as he lay by way of whetting his appetite. Dr. West entered without ceremony.

"My stars!" uttered John, when he could believe his eyes. "It's never you, Uncle West! Did you drop from a balloon?"

Dr. West explained. That he had come over for a few hours' sojourn. The state of his dear daughter Sibylla was giving him considerable uneasiness, and he had just put himself to the expense and inconvenience of a journey to see her, and judge of her state himself.

That there were a few trifling inaccuracies in this statement, inasmuch as that his daughter's state had had nothing to do with the doctor's journey, was of little consequence. It was all one to John Masingbird. He made a hasty toilette and invited the doctor to take some breakfast.

Dr. West was nothing loth. He had breakfasted at home; but a breakfast, or any other meal, more or less, was nothing to Dr. West. He sat down to the table, and took a choice morsel of broiled chicken on his plate.

"John, I have come up to talk to you about Verner's Pride."

"What about it?" asked John, speaking with his mouth full of devilled kidneys.

"The place is Lionel Verner's."

"How d'ye make out that?" asked John.

"That codicil revoked the will, which left the estate to you. It gave it to him."

"But the codicil vanished," answered John.

"True. I was present at the consternation it excited. It disappeared in some unaccountably mysterious way; but there's no doubt that Mr. Verner died, believing the estate would go in its direct line—to Lionel. In fact, I know he did. Therefore you ought to set as though the codicil were in existence and resign the estate to Lionel."

The recommendation excessively tickled the fancy of John Masingbird. It set him laughing for five minutes.

"In short you never ought to have attempted to enter upon it," continued Dr. West. "Will you resign it to him?"

"Uncle West, you'll kill me with laughter, if you joke like that," was the reply.

"I have little doubt that the codicil is still in existence," urged Dr. West. "I remember, my impression at the time was, that it was only mislaid, temporarily lost. If that codicil turned up, you would be obliged to quit."

"So I should," said John, with equanimity. "Let Lionel Verner produce it, and I'll vacate the next hour. That will never turn up; don't you fret yourself, Uncle West."

"Will you not resign it to him?"

"No, that I won't. Verner's Pride is mine by law. I should be a simpleton to give it up."

"Sibylla's pining for it," resumed the doctor, trying what a little pathetic pleading would do. "She will as surely die, unless she can come back to Verner's Pride, as that you and I are at breakfast here."

"If you ask my opinion, Uncle West, I should say that she'd die, any way. She looks like it. She's fading away just as the other two did. But she won't die a day sooner for being away from Verner's Pride; and she would not have lived an hour longer, had she remained in it. That's my belief."

"Verner's Pride never was intended for you, John," cried the doctor. "Some freak caused Mr. Verner to will it away from Lionel; but he came to his senses before he died, and repaired the injury."

"Then I am so much the more obliged to the freak," was the good-humored, but uncompromising rejoinder of John Masingbird. "And, more than that, Dr. West could not make of him. John was evidently determined to stand by Verner's Pride. The doctor then changed his tactics, and tried a little business on his own account—that of borrowing from John Masingbird as much money as that gentleman would lend."

It was not much. John, in his laughing way, protested he was always "cleaned out." Nobody knew but himself—but he did not mind hinting it to Uncle West—the heaps of money he had been obliged to "shell out" before he could repose in tranquillity at Verner's Pride. There were back entanglements and present expenses. Not to speak of sums spent in benevolence. Benevolence! the doctor exclaimed. Yes, benevolence, John replied with a semi-grave face: he had had to give away an unlimited amount of bank-notes to the neighborhood, as a recompense for having terrified it into fits. There were times when he thought he should have to come upon Lionel Verner for the mere profits, he observed. A procedure which he was unwilling to resort to for two reasons: the one was, that Lionel possessed nothing to pay them with; the other that he, John, never liked to be hard.

So the doctor had to content himself with a very trifling loan, compared with the sum he had fondly anticipated. He dropped some obscure hints that the evidence he could give, if he chose, with reference to the codicil, or rather what he knew to have been Mr. Verner's intentions, might go far to deprive his nephew John of the estate. But his nephew only laughed at him, and could not be by any manner of means be induced to treat the hints as serious. A will was a will, he said, and Verner's Pride was indisputably his.

Altogether, taking one thing with another, Dr. West's visit to Dearham had not been quite so satisfactory as he had anticipated it might be made. After quitting John Masingbird, he went to Dearham Court and remained a few hours with Sibylla. The rest of the day he divided between his daughters in their sitting-room, and Jan in the surgery, taking his departure again from Dearham by the night train.

And Deborah and Emily, drowned in

tears, said his visit could be compared only to the flash of a comet's tail: no sooner seen than gone again. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CHRISTMAS LONG AGO.

A PLAINTIVE AND COMPLAINTIVE DITTY, SUPPLIED TO BE SING BY GRANDMAMA OLDGATE, AGED 75.

Since then, my dear, ye'll have me sing, I'll try what I can do, And back old recollections bring, These to recollect to you, What glorious days those were when I wore frock and furbelow; When Christmas time was in its prime, Long, long ago.

No treacherous robe old Christmas wore, Of sunshine fringed with mist; The lakes and ponds were frozen o'er, And shoes were shod with list; The pathways as you trudged along Were ankle-deep in snow, When Christmas time was in its prime, Long, long ago.

No noisome railways then had we The country to defect; Our four-horse coach, a treat to see, Went dashing through the place; By which from town, just once a year, Came brothers Ned and Joe, When Christmas time was in its prime, Long, long ago.

That horrid gas, which flares and throbs, Was not in houses thrust; Nor stuck-up stoves ashamed of hobbs, And half afraid of dust; Bright was the flame from wax or oil, Hearths gave a genial glow, When Christmas time was in its prime, Long, long ago.

Books then were books; a Christmas gift You scarce could carry home; So large to span, so hard to lift— A real substantial tone, No phantom leaves in flaring boards, Designed for mere show, When Christmas time was in its prime, Long, long ago.

At table, think you, you could see Disguised and tortured meat? Making one ask its history, With names one can't repeat, Good beef and mutton, pork and veal, Ranged then in honest row, When Christmas time was in its prime, Long, long ago.

On Christmas day, the dinner hour 'Twas right we did not fix; Twelve was the time, or so looked sour— None of your half past six. Then joined we all in "Blindman's Bluff," Or would the slipper thump, When Christmas time was in its prime, Long, long ago.

Ah, fun, if then was fun indeed! Not furious, nor fast; But mirth that moved with decorous speed, And warranted to last; No whirling waltz, no polka hop, But measure grave and slow; When Christmas time was in its prime, Long, long ago.

The women then were passing fair, Nor steel nor whalebone wore; A plain black fillet bound their hair, Neat aprons hung before, Tippets disposed in ample form, And caps as white as snow; When Christmas time was in its prime, Long, long ago.

As for the men—oh dark or fair— Appeared they Christian-wise; Not covered o'er with natty hair, Nor dressed like foreign guys. Smooth, then, and gentle the salute, Beneath the mistletoe, When Christmas time was in its prime, Long, long ago.

But, bless me! how I'm running on; 'Tis time I made an end; There's no one now but Uncle John To old long songs a friend. Should you, my dear, live to my years, 'Twill be your turn to know The difference 'twixt Christmas now And long, long ago!

RICH COLONS.—An English writer, in some remarks on "A Lady's Dress," gives the following excellent hints on the effect of color:

"We dearly love and duly appreciate color; we have hailed with delight the resumption of the scarlet cloak this winter by our fair countrywomen, especially at a time of public mourning, when our streets have worn so monotonous and sombre an aspect. The eye has been gladdened and refreshed by the warm, bright red, set off by the black dress beneath; and the welcome effect it produced proved to our minds how much pleasure we incessantly derive from the presence of color. We are hardly aware of it until we lose it. The aspect of our crowded thoroughfares, lately enabled us to form some idea of what we should feel if, by some freak of fashion, the fair sex were to adopt a costume as unvaried and hideous as the present masculine attire, and if our shops, that now display all that is lovely in color and exquisite in design, had nothing more attractive to offer than broadcloth or black stuff, we should feel depressed. The eye needs the stimulant of color and variety to keep it from fatigue; and beneath our gray and colorless sky we want more color, not less. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago color was certainly at a discount in dress as well as in architecture and decoration. That there has been a revival in its favor no one will deny."

In a church not quite a hundred miles from Lynn, a person entered a pew, and believing he had a good seat, unfortunately set down upon the dress of a lady who happened to be rather slightly cramped. In an instant he rose to his feet and begged the lady's pardon in these words: "Your pardon, madam, but I'm afraid I've broken your lower ribbons."

"Nothing wrong," said the lady, blushing.

"Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do."

## THE OLD MAN BENJAMIN HUMPHREYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Another Christmas," muttered to himself, in a dreary, dispirited tone, Benjamin Humphreys, the senior partner of one of the heaviest commercial houses in the great city where he had built up, day by day, year by year, his large fortune. "For my part, I don't think much of these holidays. Miserable waste of time and money usually, always make some breaks in the business, and set some screw loose. Dull, foolish, expensive, of no use to anybody. I'm glad enough when they are over, and one is able to settle down to work again."

It was a large, lofty room, in which these words were spoken, with heavy, luxurious furniture, for Benjamin Humphreys liked to gather about him tangible evidences of the wealth which he had heaped up. He was an old man now; a widower, and childless; a man into whose life the lust and the greed of gold had entered, and eaten out and rusted away all sweet and tender sympathies, all faith, freshness, aspiration, and soared and hardened and stunted his nature, until it was like a rock, down which there was no laugh of sweet flowing waters, in whose crevices no small flower slowly opened and filled the air with its faint perfume; a hard, cold, arid nature, as everybody knew, when they looked into his face, was that of the rich, old man Benjamin Humphreys.

Fifty years before he had come to the city to make his fortune. The country youth had the genius of business. Shrewd, prompt, untiring, he had risen steadily from one position to another, until he was now senior partner in the firm which he had entered as under clerk.

His wife had died in her youth, and her child soon followed her; and since then the merchant had devoted his life to one work and one purpose, and this was making money. It was a beautiful Christmas morning. The winter sunbeams rained down their golden greeting over the earth, and brightened its withered face with that old language, "Good will to men," which they wrote when the angels once sang.

And everywhere hearts were glad—everywhere the Christmas greeting was heard dropping in high homes and lowly from loving voices, budding like white petals on the lips of little children, skipping like a caress along the tones of fathers and mothers everywhere, but in the home which stood lonely in its desolate grandeur, the home of Benjamin Humphreys.

The housemaid came in to the parlor to throw up the windows, and let in for a few minutes the fresh morning air and the rain of sunbeams, and because he had nothing better to do, and felt somehow oppressed and uneasy this morning; the master of the house walked to the window and looked out.

He stood there a tall, thin figure, bowed somewhat by his years, the iron-gray hair matching the iron gray eyebrows; the cold, keen eyes gleaming out from under them, and the lines in the sharp, stern face brought out clear in the sunshine.

"What a fine residence!" exclaimed a gentleman who was passing at that moment to his friend. "Solid and substantial, too. I like the looks of it."

The words were spoken right under the window where the owner stood, shielded by the curtain. They gratified the old man, for his house was a substantial witness of the wealth on which he prided himself. He bent forward eagerly to harken.

"Yes," answered the voice of a neighbor, whom the listener recognized. "But you nor I would exchange places with its owner, neither for his splendid home nor all his money. He's a lonely, friendless, rich old man—when you're said all. Why, I don't believe there's a voice in the world that will wish him merry Christmas this day!"

The steps passed on, the old merchant shrank deeper in the shadow of the curtains, the words had "gone home."

In a few moments the housemaid returned to close the window, and then the old man turned away and walked up and down the great parlors without speaking a word.

He walked with his hands behind him, his head dropped slightly forward, and with a half-troubled, half-meditative expression on his face.

The words, as I said, had struck deep. They had cut down through all the pride and hardness of years, into some small corner, that shrank and quivered in the heart of the rich man.

After all he was not to be envied, not though he had laid so broad and strong the foundations of his wealth, and built upon it his goodly fortunes; not though on every side he received among men the deference which means and money always attract; not though the dreams of his youth had been fulfilled to their utmost, and the great purpose of his life had been attained; still he, Benjamin Humphreys, was not a man to be envied. He walked up and down the stately rooms, and a new, strange feeling of loneliness and desolation of spirit came over him, and an expression of regret stole slowly over and softened the hard, cold features of the rich man.

He thought how different his home in its solitary grandeur would be if there were sweet faces moving among the great rooms, and bright tones and merry voices breaking the silence, and pleasant laughter, and quick, light feet pattering in and out. And he sat down in a heavy arm chair, by the side of a small marble table, and a sigh made its slow way from the heart to the lips of Benjamin Humphreys.

Then his memory rose up slowly and walked over the long bridge of years to the east land, the land of his youth, and he saw the old brown homestead where his boyhood grew up into youth. The old picture touched

his heart—one by one the old days came up, and smiled on him, and in each one, as in a mirror, was a face that smiled too, a small, sweet child's face, with russet curls, which the sun stroked into a golden yellow, and eyes which beamed over into smiles, smiles which were ready to ripen into laughter, on the dimpled lips red as mountain berries.

The face of his young sister followed the thoughts of the iron-gray haired man. Now it went bobbing and dancing before him through the sprouting corn, now he was guiding it over the stones set in the heart of the little brook under the mountain, and now it was fluttering in and out of the old farm doors, and again it was nestling down on his knee and looking with its shy, loving brown eyes in his face.

"Mattie, pretty little sister Mattie!" murmured the old man softly, and for a moment he forgot how many autumns the winds had combed the faded grass over the face which shown down on him.

And as he sat there, his right hand moved unconsciously amid the rare and costly articles which were scattered on the table. There were delicate vases of Sevres' china, and rare patterns in Bohemian glass, and agate vases, and amid all these there was a plain old-fashioned china cup in singular contrast with its costly surroundings, an old-fashioned white china cup, with a deep gold rim, and a small wreath of leaves in the centre.

And as the old man's hand strayed unconsciously over the table it brushed the china cup, and it fell over on the carpet at his feet.

He bent down and picked it up, and in the midst of the small wreath of flowers, he read the gilt letters there, "Merry Christmas!"

It was Mattie's present to him more than half a century ago! How vividly he recalled it all, the low old-fashioned kitchen, the white flannels of snow that hid the old fences, and lay heavy on the steep roofs of the farm houses, and the great fire in the wide chimney, and the little girl with russet curls and shining eyes that stole up to his side and put her soft lips down to his cheek and whispered "Merry Christmas. It's for you, Benny," and the pretty white mug lay in his hand.

It lay in the hand of Benjamin Humphreys now, and he looked at it; he would not have looked if it had been of the gold he loved so well, and his fingers smoothed it lovingly, and the cold gray eyes were dim with something which had not bedimed them for years, as he said,

"Poor little Mattie—poor little Mattie! It was her merry Christmas!"

And then there came over the old man's heart a strange hunger for the sound of some loving voices, for the clasp of some tender fingers. Yes, they had told the truth, sitting alone in his desolate home, Benjamin Humphreys felt that there was not one heart in the whole world to wish him "Merry Christmas," and in that hour of solemn, self-revelation, the gold he had heaped and the lands he had gained, seemed to the soul of Benjamin Humphreys what they did to the monarch of Judea, when there walked out from his great soul that awful commentary on all riches and grandeur, and earthly glory—that commentary which all the ages rise up, and repeat, calling down solemnly to one another—"Vanity, all is vanity!"

At last the old man rose up, the solitude oppressed him strangely, he looked about him with a vague longing for some human counsel or companionship, but there was none in all the world, to whom, on this Christmas morning, Benjamin Humphreys felt that he had any right or claim. But he went out into his hall, cheerful voice reached him from the kitchen below, as drew him on toward them.

The cook started as her master entered the kitchen, and the chambermaid bustled about in embarrassment, and the broad, sun-burned face of the milkman, who stood at the back door, with his pall and measure in his hand, grew a little more rubicund than ever, as the rich old man carried with him, as so many days do, an atmosphere of chill and gloom.

And this morning, by the side of the old man, stood a small, shrinking figure, and a small, pale, wondering face, with greatly eyes, in which dwelt some great fear and sorrow.

The little girl's face was hardly a penny one; it was too pale and thin for that, yet there was a pathetic pathos and charm about which would have touched a sympathetic nature at once; and as the sunbeams touched into yellow gold the rings of bright brown hair, they reminded the old man of the sweet dead sister of his youth. The milkman made a hasty obeisance to his rich customer, the little child shrank a little closer to his side, and as they turned to go away, Mr. Humphreys said,

"Good morning, my little girl!"

The soft kindly voice, the pleasant smile was one that nobody recognized, of the child stood still, half-frightened, half-astounded.

"Go and say 'Merry Christmas' to the gentleman," said the rubicund milkman.

The child looked up and searched the old man's face with her great, truthful eyes, a moment; then she came forward again, in her pretty, timid way, "Merry Christmas, sir!" and the sweet words fell like precious pearls into the heart of Benjamin Humphreys. He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a couple of shining coins, and laid them in the small brown palm of the astonished child.

"What is your name, little girl?" and the cook and the chambermaid and the milkman held their breaths, and looked on and over all the angels looked on too, and smiled.

"Mattie!" piped the soft voice of the child.

"Mattie! Mattie!" said the old man, in a voice that was broken, because of all which lay beyond it, and he bent forward and placed his hand in a quick, clinging way, on the small hand: "Where does your get that name, my child?"

"It was mother's," answered the little girl,

and her lip quivered and struggled before it mastered the word.

"And where's your mother?"

"She is dead, sir," the answer and the sob came together—a sob that strained the little thin frame, and rocked it as the autumn winds strain and rock the trees by the sea. The hard, stern, rocky heart was cleft at last. The old man could not speak for a moment; he sat down and lifted the little girl on his knee, and stroked her hair with a hand soft as her dead mother's.

And then in a few moments the milkman stepped forward, and briefly explained the whole story: It was all true that the child had said. Two years before her father had died, a month ago her mother had followed him.

They were young people, honest to the core, and neighbors to the milkman, for her father kept a small store in the village, where the farmer resided. After the death of the young man, and the sale of his effects, which just paid the expenses of his long illness, the widow removed with her child to the city, and endeavored to obtain employment at sewing. It was the old story.

Her health failed her, and finally the young mother closed her eyes on the young child she left friendless and homeless in the world.

And the kind-hearted milkman, who, for the sake of the old neighbor feeling, had never lost sight of the widow, had resolved to carry her to his own home.

"His boys were a rude, noisy set," he said, "and he had quite as many mouths as he knew how to feed; but he couldn't leave the child to starve. Perhaps she could help his wife with the chores, and perhaps he should bind her out, but she didn't look like a hand for stout work."

And the old man listened, and the feeling of paternality, which so long had slumbered in his soul, stirred itself once more. He lifted the little girl's face.

"Mattie," he asked, and his voice was like a soft caress on the name, "would you like to stay with me here always, and be my little girl, because—because, I had a little Mattie once, and she has been gone from me a long time, a long time, where your mother has gone?"

He waited greedily for the child's answer, and her great brown eyes went searching from the milkman's face to the old man's which bent over her.

Then a smile broke into the pale lips, she nestled close up to the old man, and put her little hand confidently in his.

"I will stay with you," she said, "I will be your little Mattie."

And so Benjamin Humphreys had some one with whom to keep his merry Christmas all.

But from that hour he was a changed man, at least to a degree, for, alas! the habits and the sins of a whole life are not often wholly reformed, but the little orphan girl, whom he had taken into his home, filled with new light, and warmth, and love, the old and darkened chambers in the heart of the old man Benjamin Humphreys.

ARMY BREAD.—An army correspondent thus gives his views of the bread dealt out to the soldiers by the contractors:—"During its 'penitential campaign' the bread had become inhabited by a very lively species of insect of a brown color and amiable disposition. Various stories are told of these crackers in camp, some of which, I fear, are malicious fabrications. One was that the insects were purposely put in the bread to save male transportation, and that when the commissary wished to transport the bread he simply whistled and it came itself. Another was that four of these crackers were seen on battalion drill one evening, going through the evolutions with great precision. One of the boys had a lot of bread so thickly settled as to be uneatable, and brought them to the commissary to be exchanged. He was told to lay them down and take others, when he very honestly asked, 'Haden't I better hitch 'em?'"

THE RIBBON STYLE OF GARDENING.—At Kew, in the British National Gardens, there have been during the past year, various flowers arranged in the ribbon style, that is, in stripes of different colors, fifty feet in length by seven in breadth. The effect of this arrangement was exceedingly brilliant, and has been very happily turned to a practical account, inasmuch as all the great centres to English industry have sent agents and artists to copy it, as designs and patterns for the goods they manufacture. One lady ordered to be manufactured for her fifty yards of stair carpeting, and a drawing-room carpet, the borders and centres of which are to be an exact imitation of the borders and centres of the flower-bed in question.

A Richmond correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, telling anecdotes about the battles last October beyond Richmond, says that during one of them, a straggler, who had built a nice fire and was enjoying it all to himself, observed what he took to be a squad of cavalry. The man in front seemed to be reeling in his saddle. The straggler ran out to meet him, and said, "Look here, old fellow; you are mighty happy. Where do you get your liquor from? Give me some. I'm as dry as a



## NEWS ITEMS.

The convention of newspaper publishers of the State of Connecticut, held a day or two ago, was fully attended, nearly every newspaper in the state being represented. A committee was appointed to memorialize Congress to remove the duty on the importation of foreign paper, and also to reduce the tax imposed upon printers by the excise law. The question of reducing the size of the newspapers of the state was discussed, and the general feeling of the convention seemed to favor the proposition.

Some nights ago Mr. Henry Phelps, of Haddam, Conn., while asleep, arose from his bed, procured an axe, and inflicted several blows with it on the head of his wife. Mrs. Phelps finally succeeded in grappling with him. He awoke, and learning the trouble, his dismay was only equalled by his pleasure that she was not killed. Mrs. Phelps is in a fair way to recover.

**PROJECTED ATTACK ON VICKSBURG.**—A letter, dated off Island 10, thirty miles from Vicksburg, December 24, states that our gunboats will be concentrated at the mouth of the Yazoo river, twelve miles below Island 10, while the army will mass at some point above, and march across the country to Yazoo City, which place is but a few miles back of Vicksburg, so as to make the attack on the latter city simultaneous.

**REGULARS AND RESERVES.**—So much is now said about experienced Generals being entrusted with commands, we take this occasion to say that the Army of the Potomac is almost entirely in the hands of regular officers. The Commander-in-Chief, Burnside; the commanders of the three wings, Franklin, Sumner and Hooker; the commanders of the six corps, Reynolds, Smith, Couch, Wilcox, Butterfield and Stoneman; and the commanders of nearly all the divisions, including such men as Doubleday, Sturgis, Meade, French, &c. With an army thus organized, there ought to be good discipline and effective movement; and if there is not, it surely cannot be attributed to the influence of volunteer officers.—*North American.*

**EXECUTION.**—The New Era, of the 6th instant, gives us details of the execution of private W. W. Lunt, of the Ninth Maine Volunteers, at Fort Royal, shot for desertion. The condemned man rode to the spot on his coffin, which was placed in a wagon, and he appeared to be perfectly calm and resigned. He, however, subsequently protested his innocence.

**FLAG OF TRUCE.**—On the 1st instant a flag of truce was sent from Fort Palisade up the Savannah River. It was stopped a short distance above St. Augustine creek by the chief officer of the iron-clad battery Georgia, which is anchored at the head of Elba island, and is completely surrounded by obstructions which blockade every channel approaching her. She is covered with railroad iron, carries ten guns within eighteen inches of the water line, and resembles the Merrimack in appearance.

The circumstantial account of the landing of the Banks expedition at Winton was entirely erroneous. The expedition was, without doubt, bound for the Gulf, when heard from it will be from that locality.

**NEGRO HANGED AT HOLLY SPRINGS.**—When Col. Lee occupied Holly Springs, Miss., some weeks since, with cavalry, a colored man gave him information which was of much importance, and led, among other things, to the capture of a rebel officer. When Col. Lee retired the negro was left behind, and was immediately hanged by a mob of citizens and rebel soldiers.

**IRON-LINED BARRELS FOR KEROSENE OIL.**—A lot of Kerosene oil in iron barrels encased with wood, was stored in a building lately burned in Boston. Some of the oil was saved. The wood was completely burned, leaving the iron-lining and the oil highly heated, but not ignited. The test is important, showing there is but little risk from fire when the oil is properly refined and placed in suitable barrels.

**GARIBOLDI'S HAIR.**—To "X. Y. Z., Isle of Mull," who writes for a look of the General's hair, I reply that the doctors fearing baldness would produce rickets, have forbidden any more to be cut.—*Telegraph's Special Correspondent.*

**A TORPEDO.**—The gunboat Cairo, Marmora and Sigbee were recently ascending the Yazoo river, and had reached a point one mile below Hogue's Bluff, when a torpedo exploded under the Cairo, shattering her bow. She sank in fifteen minutes, in forty feet of water, and cannot be raised. No lives were lost. The Cairo was one of the first seven iron-clad gunboats built for service on the Western waters, and participated in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson.

**A GUNBOAT CAPTURED.**—A deaf and dumb man recently walked from Edinburgh to London to witness the Great Exhibition; he accomplished the distance, 635 miles, in nine days, in one thirty-six hours walking one hundred and thirty miles. He put grease upon his shoes and whiskey on his feet, and preferred moonlight to daylight, considering the former better by a mile an hour.

**AT NEWPORT NEWS.**—The one hundred and seventy-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, formed of men from Columbia, Lancaster, Montour and Luzerne counties, and commanded by Colonel James Johnson, of Philadelphia, is encamped at Newport News.

It will be gratifying to the friends of soldiers wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg to know that upon their application they can be sent to some of the hospitals (referred to the military hospitals in their respective states or in those adjoining).

The President is quoted as saying recently to one of the border state Congressmen: "I have come to the conclusion that slavery is the right arm of the rebellion, and I intend to lop it off."

The Paris *Moniteur*, in a quasi official form alludes to the presence of a French squadron at New Orleans, and is represented to have greatly elated the disaffected population. We are listening to you, Mr. *Moniteur*. And we will remember you.

**THE FARMERS AND THE GORILLA.**—A singular incident occurred on Thursday at the Athenaeum. Among the visitors to M. du Chailu's specimens of gorillas was an apparently well-to-do yeoman, who eyed the stuffed skins, and then the bones, and appeared to be lost in perfect wonderment at their appearance. At length he turned round to the respected Secretary of the institution, and asked in broad Scotch dialect, "Do you believe in 'em?"

"Believe in what?" responded secretarily.

"Why," said the farmer, "is this here Monseigneur Chailu?"

## CHINESE SUGAR-CANE.

In the three days' session of the late Southern Convention, held at Rockford, Illinois, many facts were developed which we regard of exceeding interest to the industrial public. We state them as follows:

1. The fact was certainly established that there is no difficulty in growing the Chinese sugar cane, the Imphee-cane, and the Obahetan in this latitude.

2. That the successful manufacture of either or all into syrup is a fixed fact.

3. That the granulation of these kinds has been successfully accomplished, specimens of sugar having been exhibited at the Convention proving this.

4. Taking the evidence of Mr. Cory, of Indiana, whom we regard as a pioneer in the business, the Obahetan will granulate and make handsome sugar beyond a peradventure.

5. That the seed from the Chinese sugar-cane—which has been hitherto regarded as useless except for planting purposes—can be employed, in feeding cattle, hogs, horses, &c., and also can be successfully manufactured into a flour which makes a very toothsome griddle cake. It was offered in evidence, and not controverted, that an acre of cane would produce forty bushels of seed, and that that product was equal in fattening qualities to the same number of bushels of corn.

6. That the juice of the Chinese cane, and doubtless the other qualities, without cooking and the use of sugar, could be made into a most palatable and healthy food, in this respect an acre of cane is equal to two or three of corn. This last is a very important feature, and should challenge the attention of stock raisers.

7. That the stalks, leaves, and heads will make an excellent quality of paper. This fact the Rev. Mr. Smith, in his excellent address, said, had long been known and practiced upon in the West India Islands and other cane-growing countries.

8. That the bagasse, which with our producers has been deemed useless—in fact, a positive annoyance on account of its swift accumulation—can be made to yield excellent manuring qualities, and can also be prepared as a fuel, to the saving of large quantities of wood and coal in the season of syrup boiling.

9. The Convention classified the different qualities of cane, which has never heretofore been done, into three varieties—Chinese sugar-cane, Imphee-cane and Obahetan.

10. That the quality of syrup manufactured from these three qualities is superior to that of any other offered in the market.

11. That it is superior for refining purposes.

12. That more than 3,000,000 gallons (perhaps 1,000,000) have been manufactured in the state during the past year; and lastly, that it is the most profitable crop that can now employ the farmer's skill and energies.

These facts we consider the Rockford Convention has pretty surely established, and therefore we say in its results it has proved one of the most important Conventions ever held in the north-west.—*Chicago Tribune.*

**THE ARMY APPROPRIATION BILL.**—VOTE NEARLY UNANIMOUS.—In the House of Representatives, on the 18th, the House voted upon Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the Army Appropriation Bill, for the year ending with June, 1864.

The bill, in response to a question of Mr. Vallandigham, said it contained an aggregate appropriation of seven hundred and thirty-one millions.

Mr. Mallory, after the bill had been read through, offered the following:

That no part of the money appropriated shall be so expended as to encourage the escape of slaves from their masters, or to support and maintain slaves that do escape from their masters, or for any purpose of emancipation or colonization, or for any other object than the establishment of the authority of the Constitution and the Laws of the United States over the rebels.

This amendment was disagreed to—yeas 38, nays 64.

The bill was then reported to the House. Mr. Walworth moved that the further consideration thereof be postponed till the 2nd of January next. Disagreed to—yeas 37, nays 93.

The demand for the previous question was seconded—yeas 90, nays 27.

Mr. Mallory said that if his proviso were added to the bill it would secure an unanimous vote.

The vote was then taken on the passage of the bill and it was passed—yeas 107, nays 3. Namely—Messrs. May, Norton, and Wickliffe.

**FIDELITY OF A DOG ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.**—On the Monday after the contest, Hon. John Corvode, in company with a number of officers, was passing over the battle-field beyond Fredericksburg, their attention was called to a small dog lying by a corpse.

Mr. Corvode halted a few minutes to see if life was extinct. Raising the coat from the man's face, he found him dead. The dog, looking wistfully up, ran to the dead man's face and kissed his silent lips. Such devotion in a small dog was so singular that Mr. Corvode examined some papers upon the body, and found it to be that of Sergt. W. H. Brown, company C, 91st Pennsylvania.

The dog was shivering with the cold, but refused to leave his master's body, and as the coat was thrown over his face again he seemed very uneasy, and tried to get under it to the man's face. He had, it seems, followed the regiment into battle, and stuck to his master, and when he fell remained with him, refusing to leave him or to eat anything.

As the party returned an ambulance was carrying the corpse to a little grove of trees for interment, and the little dog following, the only mourner at that funeral, as the hero's comrades had been called to some other point.

**THE POPULAR VOTE OF THE FREE STATES.**—The following is given as the summary of the popular vote of the twenty Free States:

States.	Administration.	Opposition.
Maine	6,625	—
New Hampshire	3,294	—
Vermont	23,761	—
Massachusetts	27,248	—
Connecticut	9,148	—
New York	—	10,734
New Jersey	—	4,992
Pennsylvania	—	3,715
Delaware	111	—
Ohio	—	5,591
Indiana	—	16,549
Michigan	6,614	—
Wisconsin	4,137	—
Minnesota	15,115	—
Iowa	7,054	—
Kansas	4,545	—
California	13,907	—
Oregon	3,599	—
Total	127,433	67,027
Administration majority	60,411	—

**PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.**—The supply of Beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 2,116 head. The prices realized were from \$18 to \$25 per head. 3,000 Hogs were sold at 5 cents per lb gross. 675 Hogs sold at \$5.50 to 7.00 per cwt.

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

**FLOUR AND MEAL.**—The market is firm but very quiet, and the week's sales comprise only some 7000 bbls taken for export, at \$5.25 per cwt. For export, \$5.30 per cwt. For local use, good extra, \$7.00 per cwt. For extra family, \$7.50 per cwt. For fancy Ohio, as to brand, including 3000 bbls per city Mills, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent, with in the same range of prices. Flour is selling in a small way at \$5.50 per cwt. for better brands. Corn Meal is quiet at \$3.50 for Pennsylvania Meal; a sale of 500 bbls Brandywine was made at \$4.50 per cwt. Buckwheat Meal is scarce and selling at \$5.50 per cwt. 100 lbs.

**GRAIN.**—Corn is in slowly, and Wheat has been in for a request both for export and for local use. The market is quiet, with sales of 47,000 bushels at \$1.50 per bushel for Western and Pennsylvania reds in store, the latter for prime; 1500 for Southern do, and from 165 to 185 for fair to choice white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye has been fairly sold at 97¢ per bushel for Pennsylvania, and 95¢ for Delaware. Corn is more plenty, and prices are unsettled and lower, only about 20,000 bushels having found buyers at 35¢ per bushel for old, and 33¢ for new. Oats are more plentiful, and 75¢ per bushel for new and old. Oats are more plentiful, and 30,000 bushels have been disposed of at 40¢ for Pennsylvania and Delaware as to weight, including some lots at 38¢ for 32 lbs. The market is quiet, with sales of 9000 bushels, part at 40¢ per bushel, and part private. Of Burley Mail small sales are reported at 15¢ per bushel.

**PROVISIONS.**—There has been more doing in hams and meat, and the market is pretty well cleared of Mess Pork, most of it having been taken at \$14.12 1/2 for old, and \$14.50 for new 7¢ bbl. Beef is steady but quiet at \$15.15 per cwt. for the latter for city packed. Dressed Hogs are quiet at \$9.00 per cwt. Bacon is quiet at \$9.00 per cwt. for Hams, \$9.50 for Shoulders, and 60¢ for sides. Green Meats are arriving and selling slowly at 8¢ per lb. for Hams, and 4¢ per lb. for Shoulders. Lard is firm—about 14¢ per lb. for 56 lbs. Butcher's quality, western, on short time. Country salt at 9¢ per cwt, and kegs at 10¢ per cwt. Butter is selling moderately at 15¢ per lb. for packed and roll. Cheese is quiet at 10¢ per lb. Eggs are very scarce, and selling at 35¢ per dozen. Potatoes are quiet at 10¢ per bushel. Onions are quiet at 10¢ per bushel. COTTON.—The stock on sale continues very light, but buyers come forward slowly, and only 200 bales have been taken in small lots at 55¢ per cwt. for ordinary, the latter for Burma, and 55¢ per cwt. for middling and good middling quality, cash, including a small lot of fine, sold by auction, at 70¢, and some damaged at 40¢ per cwt.

**SHIRTS.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**BAKES.**—The market is quiet, with 180 bbls Quercuon, all offered, sold at \$35 for first No. 1. No change in Tanners' Bark, and the receipts and sales limited.

**BEAN OIL.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**COAL.**—The scarcity of vessels operate unfavorably on business; orders, however, come in slowly. There is no alteration in prices, and the market is quiet. COFFEE.—The market is firm, but very quiet, with little or no stock in Rio and Laguayra at 30¢ per cwt, cash and time.

**COPPER.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**FEATHERS.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**FRUIT.**—The sales are moderate at \$1.50 per cwt. for Apples and \$1.00 per cwt. for Cranberries. Dried fruit is arriving and selling rather more freely at 4¢ per cwt. for Apples, and 3¢ per cwt. for unpared Peaches. LAY is steady, and good Timothy selling freely at 75¢ per cwt. 100 lbs.

**IRON.**—The market is quiet, the firmness of the makers limiting the operations in Pig Metal to some 30 tons Anthracite, in lots, at \$10.00 per cwt, cash and four months, for three months. For Manufactured Iron the demand continues fair at fully former rates.

**LEAD.**—There is very little stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and 100 plus Galena sold at \$8.25 cash. A sale of Spanish was also made, to come here, at \$8 the 100 lbs.

**LUMBER.**—The market is quiet, with a moderate business doing in White and Yellow Pine Boards at \$16.00 per cwt. Laths are scarce and held for higher prices.

**MOLASSES.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**PLASTER.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**RICE.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**SEEDS.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**SPIRITS.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**TALLOW.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**TORACCO.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

**WOL.**—The market is quiet, and firm, with limited sales of both Ports and Paris.

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BY M. AUGUSTIN COCHIN.

Translated by Miss MARY L. BOOTH, translator of M. GASPARET'S WORKS ON AMERICA.

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## Wit and Humor.

## A PRACTICAL JOKER.

George Vandenberg, the actor, in a pleasant way, contributes to the humorous literature of the age the following dramatic sketch:

There was a low comedian, familiarly called Dick Hockins, whom I occasionally encountered at several of the small country theatres in the north of England, and who was an inveterate and practical joker on the stage. He was always very well behaved with me, but when he came in contact with a tragedian for whose talents he entertained a contempt, or whose person or manners displeased him, was to the unhappy subject of his fun. All his tragedy was turned into farce. Dick was in the humorous vein.

Thus he played the grave digger one night at, I think, the Rochdale theatre, in Lancashire, to the Hamlet of a Mr. C—, a most solemn and mysterious gentleman of the cloak-and-dagger school. This gentleman's tragedy was in Dick's eye, much more intensely comic than his own broad strokes of farce; accordingly Dick made no terms with it, and showed the unfortunate object of his merriment no quarters on the stage. When, therefore, Hamlet approached the grave to hold his conversation with Dick in it, the latter began his antics, and extemporized all sorts of absurd interpolations in the text which he spoke in his own broad Lancashire dialect. There was not a good house, and Dick allowed himself full license. Mr. C— scowled fearfully, but Dick was unabashed. At last he put a climax on his audacity that "topped the infinite of insult."

The theatre was built on the site of an old Dissenting chapel which had formerly stood there, in which a preacher named Banks had held forth, and in the small graveyard attached to which the doctor—for he was popularly dubbed Dr. Banks—had been buried twenty years before, and his name was familiar yet. So, after answering Hamlet's question, "How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?" Dick proceeded in due course to illustrate his answer by Yorick's skull; and taking it up, he said, in the words of the text—

"Now, here is a skull that hath lain you in the earth three and twenty years. Whom do you think it was?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Hamlet, in his sepulchral, tragedy tone.

"This skull, sir," said Dick, pursuing the text thus far, and then making a sudden and most unlooked for alteration, "This was Dr. Banks's skull."

And the word skull he pronounced like bull.

Of course the house was in an uproar of laughter and confusion. The victimized tragedian stamped and fumed about the stage as well he might, exclaiming, "Yorick's, sir, Yorick's!"

"No," said Dick, coolly, when the tumult had subsided, taking up another skull and resuming the text, "This is Yorick's skull, the King's jester; but"—going off again—"Yorick's, Dr. Banks's, as I told you."

This was too much; this was the last straw on the tragedian's back! He jumped into the grave, seized the (very) low comedian by the throat, and a most fearful contest, never before—er since, I hope, introduced into the play caused, in which Dick held his own bravely, and succeeded at length in overpowering, in a double sense, the worst tragedian, whom he held down in the grave with one hand, while he flourished "Dr. Banks's skull" in triumph above his head.

The curtain was dropped amidst roars and shrieks of laughter, in which the king, queen, monk and courtiers—who, in the vain hope of arresting the row, had been sent off with Ophelia's empty coffin—were compelled to join, forming a tableau which finished the play for that night.

## SCENE IN A MAIL-COACH.

"Will you open that window, sir?"

"Certainly not, sir; I have a bad cold."

Such was the request addressed to his neighbor in the royal mail by a small gentleman in a suit of black, and in a profuse perspiration; and such was the answer returned thereto by a person addressed—a highly nervous individual—rejoicing apparently in about fifteen stone, certainly in a blue coat with gilt buttons, a seal skin cap, a red face, and nose to correspond.

"Will you open the window, sir?" again demanded, after a few minutes, our friend of the sable garments, in a tone half angry, half speculative.

"Really, sir," was the reply, "I am sorry, sir, but must decline to do so."

"Do you intend to open that window?" a third time exclaimed the perturbed rotund of freedom, in accents wherein scorn and wrath were blended, with a quivering lip and pallid cheek.

The lucky man shrunk back in his place. An assault with violence seemed impending. But though a large, he was a brave man, and he said—

"No."

And again there was a pause—a decidedly unpleasant and embarrassing silence. The little querist turned pale, and gave a deep sigh. At last, in a voice of thunder, he roared out—

"Will you, sir, or will you not, open that window?" and at the same moment his hand, with nervous rapidity, sought his coat-pocket. The red-faced man trembled, he turned pale, and cast a supplicating glance at the other two inmates of the carriage, as if to say, "Pray help me; I may be murdered; I really think the wretched inn must have a stiletto or a loaded pistol in its pocket." The glances seemed satisfactory, for the great gentleman, after a short pause, mildly said—

"I will not, sir."

In a second, a large silk pocket-handkerchief was suddenly jerked from his place of repose by the diminutive tormenter of his gigantic victim.

With a face of ashy hue, he held out the Indian handkerchief with one hand, the other reclined gracefully on the region of his heart. Anger had passed away from his brow; slowly and deliberately he cast an unearthly look on his trembling victim, and said—

"Then—sir—you must—take the consequences—(here he gave symptoms of spasmodic affection)—for—I am—going to be—sick!"

## THE CORPORAL.

There is a very amusing scene in the vaudeville of the "Prisoner of Rochelle," which has been setting thousands laughing at one of the Paris theatres. One of the French papers gives the equivocal duet between Corporal Cartouche, who has a musket in his hands, and is going through the manual exercise, and Leno, who is seated at her work-table, and abstractedly trying to lead him towards the subject of matrimony—

Leno—"If a girl was to fall in love with you, Corporal, what would you do?"

Corporal—"(Manoeuvring with his musket)"

—"Present arms!"

Leno—"She would doubtless look to you for—"

—"Support!"

Leno—"And then what a heavy burden you'd have to—"

—"Carry!"

Leno—"Your butcher and baker would have to—"

—"Charge!"

Leno—"Your prospects, of course, would not—"

—"Advance!"

Leno—"And you'd have to—"

—"Bout face!"

Leno—"And never have any—"

—"Rest!"

Leno—"Now, Corporal, pray give me your—"

—"Attention!"

Leno—"A man of your years is not able to bear such a—"

—"Load!"

Leno—"But you are not in your—"

—"Prime!"

Leno—"Your wife may—"

—"Bout!"

Leno—"Leave you, but she will soon—"

—"Return!"

Leno—"And then you'd have to bear all on your—"

—"Shoulder!"

Leno—"You would be—"

—"Ready!"

Leno—"I think you have some other—"

—"Aim!"

Leno—"And you'd throw all your epistles into the—"

—"Fire!" [From the musket.]

## MY MOTHER'S DYING CALL.

BY RENA RAY.

The birds sang sweetly, so sweetly and joyously that it seemed as if the silvery-throated warblers were vying with each other. The morning breeze came fresh and cool from the hills, sweeping lightly over the clover fields and fanning my cheek with its perfumed wing. But I did not listen to the birds' songs; I heeded not the serene beauty of the morning, for I was so intensely engaged in reading—not the Bible, but a new novel, which I had commenced the preceding evening—that all sights and sounds were unlike unheeded.

"Jessie," said a sweet voice, faint and low always, but now fainter and lower than usual; but I did not answer immediately, or spring to my mother's bedside, as I usually did, at her first call, but waited a moment to glance down the page. "Jessie! Jessie! come here, my child."

"Yes, dear mother, in a moment," I replied, without withdrawing my eyes from the book.

"Come now—now, my love."

"Yes, mother, in a moment, as soon as I have finished this page," and I continued reading. The page was finished. "Mother," I said. There was no reply. "Mother," I still no answer. I listened and heard a faint breathing. "Ah, she has fallen asleep," thought I; "it is early and I will not disturb her. A little more sleep will do her good."

Then I commenced another chapter. It was very exciting, very, and so I read on, so wholly absorbed that I thought not of my mother.

"Why, Miss Jessie, I knocked and knocked, but not hearing any sound, I thought you must be asleep yet," said a voice beside me at length.

"Well, what's wanting, Ann?" I inquired a little impatiently, without raising my eyes.

"Why, I rang the bell twice for breakfast and you did not come, so I thought I must just come in and see if anything was the matter. And seeing it was time for your mother's breakfast, I have brought her some toast and tea along, and I should just like to know if mistress is this morning?"

"She is very comfortable, Ann," I replied hastily; "she has been awake, but she has fallen asleep again. She has had a nice nap this morning."

"Well, it's glad I am to hear it, for she has looked miserable these few days past."

"Miserable! you are mistaken, Ann; she has looked better than usual. I think she improves every day."

At this Ann shook her head ominously, and went out. I was preparing to resume my reading, but Ann's words had made me nervous, and my mother's toast and tea were getting cold. So I laid down my book and went softly into the other room. I approached the bed. My mother looked so calm and peaceful I could not bear to disturb her. But it was past her usual breakfast hour, and I called, "Mother! mother!" but she did not stir. I stooped and kissed her white brow—it called my lips. I grasped her hands—they were icy cold. I raised her in my arms. I shook her. I shrieked in her ears. "Mother! mother! Oh, my mother!" But the warm breath came not to the dear lips; the



THE NEW THING IN HAIR.

LADY SWELL—"Oh, yes, you know! Quite new! The old nets and beavers' tails getting awfully common, you know!"

pulse was still; the heart was still. My mother was dead—dead! She had died alone—died while I, her undutiful child, unmindful of her earnest, dying call, was engaged in the adjoining room reading a novel! Yes, a novel deprived me of my mother's last kiss—of my mother's dying blessing! Oh, the anguish of that hour!

Years have passed by, but a deep, abiding sorrow is with me. My mother's dying call is ever sounding in my ears, piercing my heart with untold anguish.

Reader, have you ever through disobedience or neglect slighted a mother's call? If you have, do so no more. Ever listen to her voice, and hasten cheerfully to obey her slightest wish as well as her serious mandates. Do this, and when the grave closes over her and shuts her forever from your sight you will have nothing with which to reproach yourselves. Tears of sorrow bedewing her memory will not be mingled with those of remorse.

## IF!

Ah, dearest, if our tears were shed  
Only for our beloved—dead;  
Although our life's left incomplete,  
Tears would not be so bitter, sweet,  
As now!—ah, no.

Ah, dearest, if the friends who die  
Alone were those who make us sigh;  
Although life's current is so fleet,  
Sighs would not be so weary, sweet,  
As now!—ah, no.

If oft more pain it did not give  
To know that our beloved live,  
Than learn their hearts have ceased to beat,  
Grief would not be so hopeless, sweet,  
As now!—ah, no.

THOMAS HOOD.

ANCIENT FORMS OF MARRIAGE SERVICE.  
—In a very ancient marriage service, which is clearly of Anglo-Saxon origin, the bride's contract is as follows:—"I take thee, John, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, to be bonny and buxom, in bed and at board, till death do us part, and thereto I plight thee my troth." At a later period the words, "If holy church do so ordain" were added. According to the form in use in Northumbria, the bridegroom's promise was as follows:—"I take thee, Alice, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, at bed and at board, for fairer for fouler, for better or worse, in sickness and health, till death do us part." Other formulae differ but little from these. In all of them the bride promises to be "buxom and bonny, at bed and at board;" but further than these words extended, does not promise either to honor or to obey.—*Thrupp's Anglo-Saxon Home.*

## Agricultural.

## THE WASTE OF MANURES IN CITIES.

I have been reading in the "Miscellaneous" Victor Hugo's very lively and instructive chapters on the sewers of Paris. He quotes Liebig to show that "ancient Rome's cloaca absorbed all the well-being of the Roman peasant;" that when the Campagna of Rome was ruined by the Roman sewer, Rome exhaled all Italy, and when she had put Italy in her cloaca, she poured in Sicily, then Sardinia, then Africa. With epigrammatic wit Hugo says, "this example Paris follows with all the stupidity peculiar to cities of genius." With her 140 miles of sewers, Paris precipitates into the Seine and the sea, hundreds of millions in those simple elements which she has gathered from the soil far and near, never to be returned to it. Thus he says, "the cleverness of man is such, that he prefers to throw one hundred millions of the best guano in the world into the gutter!" But he continues, "when draining everywhere, with its double function, restoring what it takes away, shall have replaced the sewer, that simple impoverishing washing, then, being combined with data of a new social economy, the product of the earth will be increased ten

## PLANNING FLOWER GARDENS.

One of the worst ways of planting a flower garden is to set out indiscriminately, plants of all colors, of different heights and habits of growth, without regard to any system or design. It is enough to make an orderly man's head ache. Here is a verbena, next a poppy; beyond is a petunia, and hard by is a lilac-bush; next is portulaca, and next a morning-glory, and so on. Such a confused mass of things is at best childish. Let there be some kind of system—almost any is better than none. This is a good one: Let the plants on a particular bed be similar in form, or color, size or style of growth. If different colors appear in the same bed, let them be of such kinds as will harmonize well together.

It is a growing custom, and a good one, to have the beds small, and only one color to a bed. Then, when the garden is viewed from the windows or veranda of the dwelling, it has the appearance of embroidery or carpeting. Mr. Loudon recommends drawing out in winter, on paper, the plan of the garden, and coloring the beds with paint, so as to see what the effect will be. Make the arrangement of colors a long and careful study. When the plan is fixed upon, it will be the simple work of the gardener to find the plants which will give the required colors during the entire summer, and at the least expense. We suggest this hint to the florists of the Agriculturist family, for winter study.

A NOVEL MODE OF GROWING ASPARAGUS.—A neighbor of ours has tried the following method for several years, and finds it successful: Laying off his beds four and a half feet wide, and sixteen feet long, he spreads on the surface a coat of sand two inches thick, and spaces it under. (His soil is a stiff clay.) Then he lays upon this six solid inches by careful measure, of half-rotted dung. After this has settled a week he spreads over it four inches of good garden soil; and in this he sets out one year old plants, twelve inches apart from crown to crown. The roots soon find their way into the rich provender below, in which they luxuriate, as the large, succulent shoots soon show.

## Useful Receipts.

CIDER WINE.—The Country Gentleman gives the following from a correspondent: Take pure cider, made from sound ripe apples, as it runs from the press, put 60 lbs. common brown sugar into 15 gallons of cider, let it dissolve, and fill clean sweet casks with the mixture within two gallons of being full; put them in a cool place, leaving the bungs out for 48 hours; then bung up, leaving a small vent until fermentation wholly ceases; then they are to be bunged up tight, and the wine will be fit for use in one year. It improves with age, and may be left upon the lees.

PRESERVING WOOD BY SALT.—J. B. Simmons, of Brush Valley, Indiana, thus writes to the Scientific American:—"I have used common salt for the preservation of mill-shafts or water-wheel shafts, and it has had a good effect in staying the decayed timber. Take a two-inch auger, bore holes into the stick of timber, and fill up with salt, and then plug up the holes tight. In a large stick of timber, like a water-wheel shaft, bore a hole through the centre, like a pump, and fill up with salt and plug up, and there is no telling how long this may last, as it has been tried with us, and has answered very well. No man would believe what effect it will have till he tries it. I have used it in a mill shaft that was decaying, and it certainly has helped it wonderfully. I have never seen a salt barrel but what was sound, and will stand more wet weather than any other barrel or stave of its kind."

GLUE FOR READY USE.—To any quantity of glue use common whiskey, instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tight, and set it away for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitting tight on the outside, to prevent the escape of the spirit by evaporation. A strong solution of isinglass, made in the same manner, is an excellent cement for leather.

LADY HUNTINGTON'S PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk—from this reserve enough to wet four heaped table-spoons of flour—mix the flour very smoothly with this milk, boil the remainder of the milk, and add four well-beaten eggs, a little salt, and the flour. Boil a few minutes, stirring it with energy. Wet your pudding dish, and put the pudding in it, stir over it a half a cup of white sugar. Put half a cup of wine and half a cup of sugar together, and pour over the pudding as it is sent to the table. Eat cold, and if properly made, you will confess it to be one of the most delicious puddings in the whole world of cookery.

"Oh! what shall I do if Theodore is drafted?" said a young girl to her grandmother, while thinking that perhaps her lover might be obliged to shoulder his musket and go to the war. "Do!" said the old lady, her venerable eyes sparkling with the light of other days, "do as I did for Nathan the last time the red coats came over here. Make coarse shirts and pantaloons for him."

"Humming-bird" robes are the newest thing out, and are of salmon silk, ornamented by sprays of foliage, birds and butterflies being represented thereon. It takes a Cupot to get one.

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," said the fly said when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

## The Riddler.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 50 letters.  
My 50, 1, 47, 31, 11, was a Latin poet.  
My 6, 31, 34, 34, 34, 34, 34, is a precious stone.  
My 1, 14, 49, is a vapor.  
My 19, 35, 36, 44, 54, 5, is a city in Europe noted for its beautiful scenery, also for its wealth.  
My 7, 18, 39, 47, 23, 38, 35, is the wind flower.  
My 1, 14, 49, is a vapor.  
My 19, 35, 36, 44, 54, 5, is a city in Europe noted for its beautiful scenery, also for its wealth.  
My 13, 1, 30, 40, 38, is an erring point of the compass.  
My 4, 17, 28, 49, 15, 38, 5, 10, 9, is one of America's sweetest poets.  
My 8, 30, 36, 4, 48, 15, is a city in Ireland.  
My 13, 45, 48, 47, 1, 18, 32, is a precious stone.  
My 47, 45, 4, 5, 38, 36, is a grain, a native of the East, mentioned in the Bible.  
My 57, 4, 5, 35, 9, 10, 33, 46, 50, is a name that will never be forgotten.  
My 30, 37, 50, 31, 11, 37, is a great—  
My 48, 39, 54, 25, 39, is a number.  
My 33, 31, 10, 21, is a fruit.  
My whole is a verse from one of the poets.  
Wampsville, N. Y.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Entire, a term to children applied;  
Behold me, an animal small;  
Again, I am a preposition;  
Again, and I'm used by all. LETA.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Entire, I have lately been a cause of much excitement; behold me and I am a kind of float; behold again and transposed, and I am not less; now behold me, and I am a preposition. LETA.

## ANAGRAMS ON GIRL'S NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
A sym. Tentane.  
In a girl. C in a role.  
Gige, an oar. A tell.  
In jet. I am Anna R.  
G. M. TUCKER.

## GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
There is a spherical polygon whose angles are respectively 110, 120, 130, 140 and 150. The radius of the sphere is 11 inches. Required the area of the polygon? JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.  
Cincinnati.  
An answer is requested.

## PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
A, B, C formed a stock company of \$30,750. A's money was in 5; B's 4, and C's 3 years. A's stock and profit was \$15,300; B's stock and profit \$14,850, and C's profit alone was \$4,500. Required each man's stock? E. HAGERTY.  
Baltimore.  
An answer is requested.

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
There is a certain number consisting of two digits, the order of which may be reversed by adding to the number three-fourths of itself. What is the number? G. M. TUCKER.  
An answer is requested.

## CONUNDRUMS.

What female recluse is that whose name read backward and forward is the same? ANA—Nun.  
What lady-like designation is that which is spelled backward and forward the same? ANA—Madam.  
What time is that which spelled backward and forward is the same? ANA—Noon.  
What portion of a young lady's dress is that which spelled backward and forward is the same? ANA—Bib.

## CONUNDRUM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
What commandment is broken by four letters? ANA.—The 10th, I N V U. (I envy you.) UTOPIA.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.  
MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The battle of Antietam, September seventeenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-two. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"When I said my foot slipped, Thy mercy, oh Lord, held me up." ENIGMA—Major A. E. Burnside. CHARADE.—Broom, room, moor. RIDDLE—Part. (Art, rat, at, T.)

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's MENSURATION QUESTION, published Nov. 22. Inside measurement, 5.96 inches, nearly; outside measurement, 6.85 inches. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.  
Daniel Diefenbach's answer to the above is 5 inches.—Ed. Riddler.

Answer to my MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, published Nov. 29. There will be formed 1000 triangles. ARTEMAS MARTIN.  
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published Nov. 29. 96 acres. ARTEMAS MARTIN.  
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answered also by E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and Francis W. Hibbard, Ohio.

Answer to TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION, by Augustus, published Dec. 6. The sides of the triangle are 200, 348 and 494.607 perches, respectively; and its area is 283 acres and 150 perches. ARTEMAS MARTIN.  
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answered also by T. M. Laughlin, New York, and E. Hagerty, Baltimore.

Answer to Old Book's ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, published Dec. 6. They will meet 61.84 miles from E, and 62.53 miles from F. Answered by Utopia, Albany, E. Hagerty, T. M. Laughlin, New York, and Artemas Martin.

It is understood that a society is about being formed, the main feature of which is to adopt measures to procure a substitute for cotton shirts. The young gentlemen engaged in this have under consideration the adoption of single-breasted vests, to be buttoned up to the neck.



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